

SPAIN AND THE UNITED STATES—From the Revue des Deux Mondes.

2813



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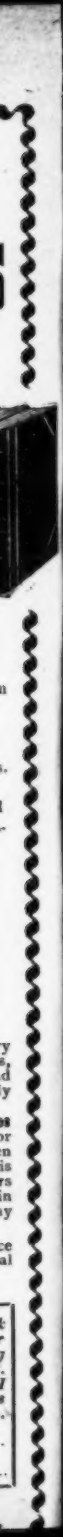
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ON THE EVE.

(April 22, 1898).

America! dear brotherland!
While yet the shotguns are mute,
Accept a brotherly salute,
A hearty grip of England's hand.

To-morrow, when the sulphurous glow
Of war shall dim the stars above,
Be sure the star of England's love
Is over you, come weal, come woe.

Go forth in hope! Go forth in might!
To all your nobler self be true,
That coming times may see in you
The vanguard of the hosts of light.

Though wrathful Justice load and train
Your guns, be every breach they make
A gateway pierced for Mercy's sake,
That Peace may enter in and reign.

Then, should the hosts of darkness band
Against you, lowering thunderously,
Flash the word "Brother!" o'er the sea,
And England at your side shall stand

Exulting! For though dark the night,
And sinister with scud and rack,
The hour that brings us back to back
But harbingers the larger light.

London Chronicle.

W. A.

THE WIND ON THE HILLS.

Go not to the hills of Erin
When the night winds are about;
Put up your bar and shutter,
And so keep the danger out.

For the good-folk whirl within it,
And they pull you by the hand,
And they push you on the shoulder,
Till you move to their command.

And lo! you have forgotten
What you have known of tears,
And you will not remember
That the world goes full of years;

A year there is a lifetime,
And a second but a day,
And an older world will meet you
Each morn you come away.

Your wife grows old with weeping,
And your children one by one
Grow grey with nights of watching,
Before your dance is done,

And it will chance some morning
You will come home no more;
Your wife sees but a withered leaf
In the wind about the door.

And your children will inherit
The unrest of the wind,
They shall seek some face elusive,
And some land they never find.

When the wind is loud they sighing
Go with hearts unsatisfied,
For some joy they can't remember,
For some memory denied.

And all your children's children
They cannot sleep or rest,
When the wind is out in Erin,
And the sun is in the west.
Spectator. DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

OMAR KHAYYAM.

(Lines read at the Omar Club dinner at London.)

Omar, when it was time for thee to die,
Thou saidst to those around thee, Let me
lie

Where the north wind may scatter on my
grave

Roses; and now thou hast what thou
didst crave,

Since from the northern shore the north-
ern blast

Roses each year upon thy tomb hath cast.
Thy more familiar comrades, who have
sped

Many a health to thee, send roses red.
We are but guests unto the tavern
brought,

And have a flower the paler for that
thought;

Yet is our love so rich that roses white
Shall fall empurpled on thy tomb to-
night.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

From the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.
SPAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

For two or three years—that is to say, ever since the outbreak of the Cuban rebellion in February, 1895—there has been reason to fear that a violent crisis in the affairs of Spain and the United States would occur on the first opportunity. Now, an opportunity can always be found when sought; and even sometimes when it is not sought, provided one of the two nations between whom trouble is likely to arise is the sovereign ruler of a country where the other has considerable interests involved; provided a revolution is laying waste the country in question and menacing the said interests; provided the sovereign nation seems powerless to restore order; provided, in fine, that the interested nation—as in the case of the United States with reference to Spain—is separated by only a few leagues of sea from the country in revolt, and if, also, behind the interests directly alleged and those motives of humanity which may always be so easily and plausibly adduced, there lurks and works an old sentiment of covetousness.

We all remember with what impatience, toward the close of the year 1896, while M. Canovas del Castillo was prime minister, all Spain, and, I might almost say, all Europe, awaited the message which Mr. Cleveland, the outgoing President of the American republic, should address to Congress. When the message appeared it said: "The island of Cuba is so near us as barely to be separated from our territory. Our pecuniary interests in the island are second only to those of the government and people of Spain. It may safely be estimated that American capitalists have at least from thirty to fifty millions of dollars invested in plantations, railways, mines and other enterprises in Cuba. The value of the commerce between the two countries, which in 1889 was seventy-four millions of dollars, rose in 1893 to nearly one hundred and three millions, and in 1894, a year before the outbreak of the present rebellion, it amounted to nearly ninety-six millions. The United States, therefore,

are inevitably implicated in this conflict, both by the discomfort and the material damage which they are bound to suffer." This was the chief motive of the States for intervening in those Cuban affairs which are, according to Mr. Cleveland, almost as much American as Spanish, but it was not the only one, and he enumerated many more.

The presence at New York of the Cuban Insurrectionary Junta, which made that city a recruiting-office, and base of all manner of supplies—food, men, arms and money—for the insurgents; the presence in Cuba of American citizens more or less newly made, more or less authentic, but who sheltered, and whom their naturalization papers, duly signed and sealed by the consul, gave the right to shelter, under the American flag, all their movements and intrigues; the presence, here and there, all over the Union, but especially in the Southern States, and the neighborhood of Key West in Florida, of "turbulent and adventurous elements," highly excited and ready to be off to the war on the first "filibustering" craft, such as the "Laurada" or the "Three Friends," which might chance to pass; all this, as Mr. Cleveland himself states, in carefully weighed and chosen words, was a source of perpetual annoyance to the American government. It necessitated a minute surveillance of the coast and the ports, entailing endless anxiety and enormous expense, and these were the grounds on which the President entreated Spain to put an end to the complication. He urged it on higher grounds as well; to terminate the evils of a rebellion marked by equal ferocities on the side of the rebels and of those who were attempting to coerce them, both of whom were ravaging and ruining the island, the former under pretext of emancipating, the latter for the purpose of pacifying it. As to this pacification of Cuba—if Spain should not succeed in effecting it by herself alone, should it be proved by events, or should Spain avow that she could not succeed within a given time by methods which he went on to indicate—then Mr. Cleveland proposed the good and friendly offices of the

United States; allowing it to be understood that if the Spanish government refused to accept them, the Republic, after offering in vain, would proceed to enforce these good offices, now become absolutely necessary.

Such was the state of the American mind—or rather, of the official mind at Washington—at the close of 1896. Let us now see what it was at Madrid. M. Canovas was not in the slightest degree disposed to accept the intervention of the United States—however benevolent in intention and moderate in form. He emphatically denied the postulate of Mr. Cleveland, his Cabinet and Congress, that Cuban affairs were almost American affairs. The conflict in Cuba, according to him, was nobody's business except that of the Cuban rebels and the Spaniards. It concerned Spain alone to come to an arrangement with the insurgents, her view of the case being that every man is master in his own house, and that Cuba is Spain's own house. She would employ the methods which she judged best, and make her own concessions—if she pleased and when she pleased. She would employ force or persuasion as might seem good to herself, and would regulate the blows she struck by her own will and power. Without denying that the United States had interests in Cuba, M. Canovas maintained that it rested with the Spanish government and no other to protect them, and that Spain had never failed to do so. He utterly declined to accept any assigned limit of time, and while consenting to listen to advice which he had never asked, he reserved to himself the right of deciding whether it would be compatible with the sovereign dignity of Spain to follow it or no.

President Cleveland invited him to reform the organization and administration of the island, and he was abundantly ready to do so. "Was it not I," he proudly inquired, "who, when I was minister of the colonies in 1865, instituted an investigation which prepared the way for the emancipation of the slaves in Cuba and Porto Rico? Yet I had against me, at that time, vested interests and strong prejudices, and I

greatly shocked the ideas of the prominent men of my own party. I shrink from no reform, as such. I will go as far, in that line, as the Liberals themselves, and even astonish them by my own liberalism. But I prefer to take my own time. If we have war on our hands to-day, it is partly because, in 1878, at the time of the compact of Zanjón, which was expected to close the ten-years' war, certain agitators were left with the impression that insurrection is a profitable business. It has now become necessary, first of all, to prove to Gomez and the rest that they will get nothing out of revolt but defeat and punishment. After that, we will see. For my own part, my mind is made up. I have twenty-three decrees already drawn up, but they will never come out of my drawer, and be presented for the signature of the queen regent, until it shall have been made perfectly clear that Spain is granting, as a pure favor, what has neither been wrung from her by force nor filched from her by intrigue. Victorious, one may give much; but before victory, nothing."

It was at this crisis that the minister, seeing foreign markets closed against him, resolved to appeal to Spanish patriotism for a loan of four hundred millions; and from one end of the peninsula to the other, a noble patriotism made answer. All Spain, from the Pyrenees to the strait of Gibraltar, rose on a wave of splendid enthusiasm. Whatever the club and café politicians may have said, the position of M. Canovas was, at that moment, very strong: So strong that M. Sagasta, who was then absent from Madrid, remained quietly at his baths, and all parties, unanimous for once, considered no government possible but that of M. Canovas; while the few scattered opponents—waifs from the two extreme parties—who were unmoved by the necessity of the case, could only make futile attempts to weaken the situation by inventing imaginary dissensions between the queen and her prime minister; whereby they merely furnished an unexpected support to the Crown. In order to provide, besides the four hun-

dred millions which had been asked after so many other sacrifices, two hundred thousand men for Cuba and twenty-five thousand for the Philippines, Spain made an heroic effort, which permitted M. Canovas in some sort to take her temperature, and measure the capacity of that brave and haughty nation.

Carried away by this great national uprising, although he would undoubtedly have considered a foreign war coming as pendant to the colonial war as a calamity to be avoided at all costs, and although strenuously resolved to preserve with the American republic those "relations of good neighborhood" established by the treaty of 1795, M. Canovas del Castillo was, nevertheless, not intimidated to the point of swallowing, in silence, all the humiliations inseparable from an armed intervention of the United States in the Cuban question. He knew better than anyone that the United States had money—the so-called "sinews of war;" but he knew, on the other hand, that money is not the only sinew; that there are others, of which the historic pride of a once mighty nation is one. He also knew, by practical and positive proof, why it was that the United States had been so remarkably pliable a few years previously in their quarrel with Chili, and why they had taken good care not to push that affair to extremity. He understood, as well as the Americans themselves, the value of their marine. He felt quite confident that the Spanish navy would at least bear comparison with it; and since Spain had never, any more than the United States, been party to any international compact concerning navigation, and, in particular, had not signed the Paris treaty of 1856, he assumed the right, in a case of urgent necessity, to issue letters of marque to the hardy mariners of Biscay and Catalonia. All things considered, he did not fear the issue of a naval war; while the chances of a land war appeared to him by no means desperate. He reasoned in this way: "We should not go and attack the Americans upon their own ground, the only one favorable to the federal

militia. Would they undertake to invade Spain? Let them come! Napoleon tried it and failed. The probability is, however, that Cuba would be the field of conflict. Very well. Spain has two hundred thousand disciplined troops there, who are simply pining for a fight, and perishing of inaction. If the United States desire war—which we do not desire—if they persist in their aggressions, after we have made every concession which it is possible to make without disgrace, we will take our chance." All the same, M. Canovas was ready to do anything short of compromising the honor of Spain, to avert war. Precisely because he knew he had right on his side, he was resolved not to lose this advantage, so that if worse came to the worst he might be sure of the approval of the civilized world.

Not, after all, in the depths of his heart—when the news came, by telegraph, that his commander-in-chief Weyler had been hung in effigy in the States, the Spanish flag burned, and inflammatory resolutions against his country passed in both Houses of Congress; and when he reflected on all the greed that lurked behind this grand display of fine sentiments in the tribune and the press, that he was by no means in love with what he used to call in moments of bitterness "their blood and thunder policy," is quite certain, and altogether natural; and here, too, all Spain was with him. But officially, and all the more because true cordiality was at end, the most scrupulous courtesy presided over the mutual relations of Spain and the United States. Up to the end of 1896, at least, M. Canovas declared that he had never had the slightest cause of complaint either against President Cleveland, his secretary of state, Mr. Olney, or their representative at Madrid, Mr. Taylor, who since then— But, however, there was not, at that moment, a more perfectly diplomatic diplomat at Madrid than the American minister. M. Canovas professed the most entire confidence in him, if not in the whole embassy. And he had determined, with all the force of his will, to put down with a strong hand any dis-

play of hostility in which the students or people of Madrid might be tempted to indulge, by way of retaliation against the American demonstrations. Undoubtedly the coolness between the two countries increased during the months which followed. Mr. McKinley had replaced Mr. Cleveland at the White House, and General Woodford Mr. Hannis Taylor at the Plaza de San Martino. Along with his credentials, the general had, indeed, presented a note which demanded a rather delicate answer; but, upon the whole, a good deal of stress was laid on the fact that Mr. McKinley had taken as the motto of his magistracy the gospel sentiment of "Peace on earth to men of good will." Of such good will, the Spanish government considered that it had given proof and pledge, by proclaiming, before the arrival of General Woodford, before any formal inquiry had been made by President McKinley, even before the time originally fixed by M. Canovas, and at the first moment when it could be said with any shadow of truth, that the western provinces of the island were virtually pacified; and that the royal decree of February 4th, which gave back to Cuba her municipal and provincial councils, had also established over them an administrative council, with full power to legislate concerning revenue, taxes and customs.

If this decree did not, at once take full effect, it was due to the fact that the eastern provinces of Santa Clara and Puerto Principe were still in a state of revolt. But an explicit promise had been made, and there was no further pretext for opposition to be drawn from the obstinacy of M. Canovas, nor excuse for the attitude of the United States in the harshness and backwardness of Spain. The opposition had loudly demanded that political action should accompany military action, and the thing had been done. The United States had required that the rebels should be appeased by concessions of principle, and this too had been done. M. Canovas had resigned himself to this course, through his love of peace, but without ever, for a moment, cheat-

ing himself by vain illusions, or dreaming that the inevitable end could be prevented or even long delayed. He knew only too well that it was not liberty the Cuban insurgents wanted, nor even autonomy under the sovereignty or suzerainty of Spain, but complete separation; and likewise that it was not guarantees for the Cubans or the Americans in Cuba that the United States wanted. He saw clearly that neither party would be satisfied with so little, and, in that belief he fell by the bullet of Angiolillo on the 8th of August, 1897.

The date of the death of M. Canovas de Castillo marks a crisis in the history of the Hispano-American struggle. By the very fact of his disappearance and the succession—after a brief interim of General Azcarraga—of M. Sagasta, and the liberal cabinet in which M. Gullon was made minister of foreign affairs, and M. Moret of the colonies—by this fact, or rather by these two facts, the tenor of American policy was changed. M. Canovas' well-founded character for indomitable energy had, after all, imposed a certain check, even upon the most ardent Jingo. But the reputation of M. Sagasta, in Spain and out of it, was far from that of a forcible man; and, just as his weakness and indecision in the affair of Melilla, and the infinite trouble it had apparently cost him to assemble on the other side of the straits, and almost under cover of the guns on the Spanish coast, an army of forty thousand men, had certainly helped to deceive the Cubans concerning the power of resistance left in Spain, and thus to foment and encourage the insurrection; so it became instantly evident, on his return to power, that the recriminations and oburgations of the United States had become more pressing, authoritative and acrimonious. The recall of General Weyler, and the mission of Marshal Blanco to carry the tidings of autonomy to Cuba, were interpreted by Cuba and the States alike merely as signs of weakness and weariness. Maximo Gomez by no means laid down his sword, nor did he evince any desire

to quit the *manigua* and the *manigueros*, and take refuge in some "quiet little cot, without so much as a garden or a sheltering tree," as he had said in 1878. Neither did the clamor subside in the American Chambers. After the reforms of February 4th, the constitution of November 25th, 1897, was considered insufficient. The insurrection openly defied that Cuban ministry and parliament whereby an attempt had been made to conciliate it. Having gotten so much, it was resolved to have more; to press forward as the foe gave way. The tie with the mother country had been loosened: the insurrection would sever it altogether. It would have another Haytian republic with no end of offices, titles and stripes to bestow. Once more, political action failed, and entailed the failure of military action, with no other result than that of irritating and weakening the most loyal to Spain of the Cuban parties—the Constitutionals.

And still the war dragged on: American interests continued to be compromised; American opinion became more and more heated, and the Cuban Junta at New York assiduously fanned the flame. Every day brought some new incident—like the affair of Ruiz or that of Sangüey—and each one was made a pretext for demands, remonstrances, inquiries or reports. On ordinary occasions General Lee—and, whenever anything unusual occurred, any kind of an official (or officious) envoy, friend of President McKinley or member of Congress—assumed the responsibility of observing and denouncing the "barbarity," "cruelty" and "inhumanity" of the Spanish authorities; of demonstrating that they would never subdue the rebellion, that no province was pacified, not even Pinar del Rio, and no town safe, not even Havana; all of which, by the way, did not prevent filibustering craft from sailing under the American flag, nor American dollars from flowing into the coffers of the Cuban Junta. On the one hand, Spain was reproached with not having been able to put down the

insurrection, and on the other, everything was done to prevent her putting it down. Little by little, feeling was becoming envenomed, and there was already great reason to be uneasy about the result when, by a terrible fatality, the American ship "*Maine*" was blown up in Cuban waters. What occasioned that explosion? Was the cause internal or external? Was it an American match or a Spanish torpedo that ignited that powder? This was the point which the Spanish and American divers received contradictory—or parallel—charges to investigate, and on which the two commissions came to opposite conclusions. The American conclusions, as formulated by President McKinley in his message to Congress of March 28th, were as follows:—

"The loss of the '*Maine*' was the result of no fault or negligence on the part of any one of the officers or men of the crew. The vessel was destroyed by the explosion of a submarine mine, causing the explosion of two or more of the forward magazines. No proof has been obtained of a nature to authorize us to attribute the destruction of the '*Maine*' to any person or persons whatever." This third paragraph slightly mitigated the effect of the two others, but that effect remained, nevertheless, especially since Mr. McKinley went on to say:—

"I have ordered the decision of the commission of inquiry, and the views of the government upon this matter, to be communicated to the government of Her Majesty the Queen-Regent; and I cannot permit myself to doubt that the sense of justice in the Spanish nation will dictate a line of conduct inspired by honor and the friendly relations of the two governments. It will be the duty of the executive to inform Congress of the result of this step, and meanwhile a careful suspension of judgment is recommended."

Then followed a revival of old grievances and an exchange of notes, couched, upon one side, in ever more exacting and admonitory terms, until

the last assumed the character of an ultimatum. In order to render recruiting for the insurrectionary army more difficult, and to lay waste the country before it, General Weyler had ordered the assemblage and detention, in the vicinity of certain towns, of the peasants and laborers who had been thrown out of work by the war, and who were liable to be forced, by their very misery, into the ranks of the foe. Hence the name *reconcentrados*. Whether from negligence, or by the necessity of the case, the condition of the *reconcentrados*, thus placed under espionage, appears to have been miserable enough; and having been expelled by force from their homes, they lacked sometimes, under the Spanish flag, the bare necessities of life.

The United States demanded that they should be restored to their homes and the succor given them of which they stood in need. The moment this wish was expressed, the Spanish government made haste to comply with it, the queen-regent taking the initiative by the formation of a committee of lady-patronesses, at the head of which she placed her own name. On this point, therefore, the United States have received the satisfaction which they conceived they had a right to demand in the name of humanity. The second point was calculated to excite, and did, in fact, excite greater repugnance on the part of Spain, since it touched the core of the question. The United States required Spain to accord an armistice to the Cuban insurgents, which would amount indirectly to a recognition of them as belligerents; for, strictly speaking, there can be no such thing as belligerency between a regularly constituted, sovereign government and subjects in revolt who have no government, and are neither a nation nor a state. There was the further objection, in Spanish eyes, to this concession of the armistice, that it seemed to anticipate a solution of the Cuban question incompatible with the wishes of Spain, and might well pass for the preface, or preamble, to a separation. M. Sagasta perceived that to concede

this point without moral compulsion would be to rouse Spanish feeling against himself, and to drive to extremity a patriotism excessively sensitive on the point of honor, and in no wise to be trifled with. He refused the demand of the States, and a rupture seemed imminent. It was at this juncture that the sovereign pontiff proposed his mediation, or, more exactly, his arbitrament. The idea was welcomed by the majority of the people of Madrid, gladly and gratefully; and it is curious that, elsewhere, it should have excited the susceptibilities of Protestantism, and started anew the cry of "No popery!" But was it not a question of "stopping the effusion of blood" (to adopt the cant phrase), and of saving thousands of lives? And such being the case, who—to speak simply and openly and without reserve of rancor or hypocrisy—was in a better position to attain this blessed end than

"Quel vecchio inerme, vestito di bianco?"

Can it be that, as between a Catholic nation, and a nation largely Protestant, there was any legitimate suspicion of the pope's impartiality? Bismarck had no such suspicion in the case of the Caroline Islands, and made no appeal from the pontifical sentence. Where in the world could an arbiter have been found more fitted to judge fairly, less bound, so to speak, by worldly considerations? with whom—precisely because he belongs to no particular country, and his realm is everywhere and nowhere—mere material power would have so little weight? If there be such a thing as a foreordained international umpire, it is surely this supernatural sovereign—whose empire is the Church universal, and his people the whole flock of the faithful. The great American bishops, Cardinal Gibbons and Mgr. Ireland, had no more doubt about it than had the American prelates residing in Rome, Mgr. O'Connell, and Mgr. Keane. They knew that nobody expected them to sacrifice their religion to their patriotism. Appeal was made to Leo XIII. in the name of humanity,

as the common father and shepherd of all, and he answered in the name of God. "In God's name," he wrote to Queen Maria Christina, "I beseech your Majesty, if there is no obstacle with which I am unacquainted, to celebrate this holy season by granting to Cuba a truce, a suspension of hostilities, that angry passions may have time to cool, and the efforts which are being made in various quarters for the establishment of peace among your Majesty's subjects may thereby have a chance of success." Supported by a similar request on the part of the representatives of the six great powers at Madrid and Washington, the prayer of the pope was granted. Spain consented to the armistice, and President McKinley deferred, by several days, the presentation of his message to Congress. If Cuban and Spanish blood is still flowing, and if American blood is soon to flow, it is the fault neither of the powers, nor of the pope, nor of Spain, but of the insurgents, who have repelled the notion of truce without independence, and of the United States, who are not perhaps doing, in the cause of reconciliation and a lasting peace, all which the "humanity" which they are so fond of invoking would enjoin, and which a reasonable regard for their own dignity need not have prevented their doing.

For what, when we come to examine it closely, does President McKinley's message contain? A mass of phrases and periphrases intended to make him say what he does not say, and not say what he does say. It would be difficult to imagine a document more significant under its apparent insignificance; more bellicose under its air of good nature. The main proposition, which must be seized at the outset and firmly held, is the following; and it is the most pregnant as well as the shortest in the whole speech. "The decision is now in the hands of Congress. It is a solemn responsibility. I have exhausted every effort to avoid the intolerable situation which is upon us. Ready to discharge every obligation imposed by the constitution and the law, I await your de-

cision." That is to say, let Congress lead, and Mr. McKinley will follow. After such a declaration, it matters little whether Mr. McKinley recognizes the Cubans as belligerents or not. If he does not do so, he has his reasons. "The United States can intervene in Cuba, for the sake of restoring peace to the island, without recognition of belligerency. To hamper ourselves just now by recognizing any government whatever in Cuba might involve us in troublesome international obligations toward the government so recognized." The United States prefer to have a free field in Cuba when they do intervene, when the moment arrives for seeing whether there actually exists in Cuba "a government capable of defining the duties and fulfilling the functions proper to an independent nation." The remainder of the message may be neglected, including the four reasons which Mr. McKinley adduces for American intervention: First, the cause of humanity. Second, protection of American citizens residing in Cuba. Third, the serious damage sustained by the commerce of the Union. And fourth, the effect of incessant Cuban insurrections in compromising the peace of America. Need we insist on the passage relative to the destruction of the "Maine," in which, after observing that Spain had proposed an inquiry into the causes of the disaster, by foreign experts, whose decision she promised to accept, Mr. McKinley confines himself to the simple statement that he had "made no reply to this proposition." It were useless to do so when all this verbiage is thrown into the shade by the statement that the decision now rests with Congress. The significance of the President's message—in itself, wilfully ambiguous—is to be measured by the interpretation which Congress puts upon it, and by the echo which it awakens in Spanish hearts.

The general hope and expectation in America is, that the hour predicted by Mr. Adams has at last come when the apple of Cuba will be detached from the Spanish tree, and drop upon

American soil. It will be a fine application of the Monroe doctrine: America for the Americans. It remains to be seen whether the European powers, especially those who possess American colonies by historical right, may not have a word to say, and whether they may not say it; and whether South America—Latin America—will look passively and indifferently on, at an occupation of the western hemisphere by Anglo-Saxon America.

CHARLES BENOIST.

Translated for The Living Age.

JOHN SPLENDID.¹

THE TALE OF A POOR GENTLEMAN AND THE
LITTLE WARS OF LORN.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

CHAPTER III.

THE LADY ON THE STAIR.

John Splendid looked at me from the corner of an eye as we came out again and daundered slowly down the town.

"A queer one yon!" said he, as it were feeling his way with a rapier point at my mind about his marquis.

"Imph'm," I muttered, giving him parry of low quarte like a good swordsman, and he came to the recover with a laugh.

"Foll, Elrigmore!" he cried. "But we're soldiers and lads of the world, and you need hardly be so canny. You see MacCallein's points as well as I do. His one weakness is the old one—books, books—the curse of the Highlands and every man of spirit, say I! He has the stuff in him by nature, for none can deny Clan Diarmaid courage and knightliness; but for four generations court, closet and college have been taking the heart out of our chiefs. Had our lordship in-bye been sent a fostering in the old style, brought up to the chase and the sword and manly comportment, he would not have that wan cheek this day, and that swithering about what he must be at next!"

"You forget that I have had the same

ill-training," I said (in no bad humor, for I followed his mind). "I had a touch of Glasgow College myself."

"Yes, yes," he answered quickly; "you had that, but by all accounts it did you no harm. You learned little of what they teach there."

This annoyed me, I confess, and John Splendid was gleg enough to see it.

"I mean," he added, "you caught no fever for paper and ink, though you may have learned many a quirk I was the better of myself. I could never even write my name; and I've kept compt of wages at the mines with a pickle chuckie-stones."

"That's a pity," says I, dryly.

"Oh, never a bit," says he, gayly, or at any rate with a way as if to carry it off vauntingly. "I can do many things as well as most, and a few others colleges never learned me. I know many *sguul-achdan*, from 'Minochag and Morag' to 'The Shifty Lad;' I can make passable poetry by word of mouth; I can speak the English and the French; and I have seen enough of courtiers to know that half their canons are to please and witch the eye of women in a way that I could undertake to do by my looks alone and some good-humor. Show me a beast on hill or in glen I have not the history of; and if dancing, singing, the sword, the gun, the pipes—ah, not the pipes—it's my one envy in the world to play the bagpipes with some show of art and delicacy, and I cannot. Queer is that, indeed, and I so keen on them! I would tramp right gayly a night and a day on end to hear a scholar fingering 'The Glen is Mine.'"

There was a witless vanity about my friend that sat on him almost like a virtue. He made parade of his crafts less. I could see, because he thought much of them, than because he wanted to keep himself on an equality with me. In the same way, as I hinted before, he never, in all the time of our wanderings after, did a thing well before me but he bode to keep up my self-respect by maintaining that I could do better, or at least as good.

"Books, I say," he went on, as we clinked heels on the causeway-stones.

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and between my little bit cracks with old friends in the by-going—"books, I say, have spoiled MacCaille's stomach. Ken ye what he told me once? That a man might readily show more valor in a conclusion come to in the privacy of his bed-closet than in a victory won on the field. That's what they teach by way of manly doctrine down there in the new English church, under the pastorage of Maister Alexander Gordon, chaplain to his lordship and minister to his lordship's people! It must be the old Cavalier in me, but somehow (in your lug) I have no broo of those Covenanting cattle from the low country—though Gordon's a good soul, there's no denying."

"Are you Catholic?" I said, in a surprise.

"What are you yourself?" he asked, *more Scottic* (as we say in the Humanities), and then he flushed, for he saw a little smile in my face at the transparency of his endeavor to be always on the pleasing side.

"To tell the truth," he said, "I'm depending on salvation by reason of a fairly good heart, and an eagerness to wrong no man, gentle or semple. I love my fellows, one and all, not off-hand as the Catechism enjoins, but heartily, and I never saw the fellow, carl or king, who, if ordinary honest and cheerful, I could not lie heads and thraws with at a camp-fire. In matters of strict ritual, now—ha—um!"

"Out with it, man!" I cried, laughing.

"I'm like Parson Kilmalleu up-bye. You've heard of him—easy-going soul, and God sain him! When it came to the bit, he turned the holy-water font of Kilachatrine blue-stone upside-down, scooped a hole in the bottom, and used the new hollow for Protestant baptism. 'There's such a throng about heaven's gate,' said he, 'that it's only a mercy to open two;' and he was a good and humorsome Protestant-Papist till the day he went under the flagstones of his chapel up-bye."

Now here was not a philosophy to my mind. I fought in the German wars less for the kreutzers than for a belief (never much studied out, but fervent) that Protestantism was the one good faith, and

that her ladyship of Babylon, that's ever on the ran-don, cannot have her downfall one day too soon. You dare not be playing corners-change-corners with religion as you can with the sword of what the ill-bred have called a mercenary (when you come to ponder on't, the swords of patriot or paid man are both for selfish ends unsheathed); and if I set down here word for word what John Splendid said, it must not be thought to be in homologation on my part of such latitudinarianism.

I let him run on in this key till we came to the change-house of a widow—one Fraser—and as she curtsied at the door, and asked if the braw gentlemen would favor her poor parlor, we went in and tossed a quail or two of aqua, to which end she set before us a little brown bottle and two most cunningly contrived and carven cups made of the Collebhraid silver.

The houses in Inneraora were, and are, built all very much alike, on a plan I thought somewhat cosy and genteel, ere ever I went abroad and learned better. I do not even now deny the cosiness of them, but of the genteelity it were well to say little. They were tall lands or tenements, three stories high, with through-going closes, or what the English might nominate passages, running from front to back, and leading at their midst to stairs, whereby the occupants got to their domiciles in the flats above. Curved stairs they were, of the same blue-stone the castle is built of, and on their landings at each story they branched right and left to give access to the single apartments or rooms and kitchens of the residents. Throng tenements they are these, even yet, giving, as I write, clever children to the world. His Grace nowadays might be granting the poor people a little more room to grow in, some soil for their kail, and a better prospect from their windows than the whitewashed wall of the opposite land; but in the matter of air there was and is no complaint. The sea in stormy days came bellowing to the very doors, salt and stinging, tremendous blue and cold. Staying in town of a night, I used to lie awake in my rela-

tive's, listening to the spit of the waves on the window-panes and the grumble of the tide, that rocked the land I lay in till I could well fancy it was a ship. Through the closes of a night the wind ever stalked like something fierce and blooded, rattling the iron sneaks with an angry finger, breathing beastily at the hinge, and running back a bit once in a while to leap all the harder against groaning lintel and post.

The change-house of the widow was on the ground-flat, a but and ben, the ceilings arched with stone—a strange device in masonry you'll find seldom elsewhere, Highland or Lowland. But she had a garret-room up two stairs where properly she abode, the close flat being reserved for trade of vending *uisgebaigh* and ale. I describe all this old place so fully because it bears on a little affair that happened therein on that day John Splendid and I went in to clink glasses.

The widow had seen that neither of us was very keen on her aqua, which, as it happened, was raw new stuff brewed over at Kames, Lochow, and she asked would we prefer some of her brandy.

"After his lordship's it might be something of a downcome," said John Splendid, half to me and half to the woman.

She caught his meaning, though he spoke in the English; and in our own tongue, laughing toothlessly, she said:—

"The same stilling, Barbreck, the same stilling I make no doubt. Mac-Callein gets his brown brandy by my brother's cart from French Foreland; it's a rough road, and sometimes a bottle or two spills on the way. I've a flagon up in a cupboard in my little garret, and I'll go fetch it."

She was over-old a woman to climb three steep stairs for the sake of two young men's drought, and I (having always some regard for the frail) took the key from her hand and went, as was common enough with her younger customers, seeking my own liquor up the stair.

In those windy flights in the fishing season there is often the close smell of herring-scale, of bow tar and the bark-tan of the fishing nets; but this stair I

climbed for the wherewithal was unusually sweet-odored and clean, because on the first floor was the house of Provost Brown—a Campbell and a Gael, but burdened by accident with a Lowland-sounding cognomen. He had the whole flat to himself—half a dozen snug apartments with windows facing the street or the sea as he wanted. I was just at the head of the first flight when out of a door came a girl, and I clean forgot all about the widow's flask of French brandy.

Little more than twelve years syne the provost's daughter had been a child at the grammar-school, whose one annoyance in life was that the dominie called her Betsy instead of Betty, her real own name: here she was, in the flat of her father's house in Inneraora town, a full-grown woman, who gave me check in my stride and set my face flaming. I took in her whole appearance at one glance—a way we have in foreign armies. Between my toe on the last step of the stair and the landing I read the picture: a well-bred woman, from her carriage, the neatness of her apparel, the composure of her pause to let me by in the narrow passage to the next stair; not very tall (I have ever had a preference for such as come no higher than neck and oxter); very dark brown hair, eyes sparkling, a face rather pale than ruddy, soft skinned, full of a keen nervousness.

In this matter of a woman's eyes—if I may quit the thread of my history—I am a trifle fastidious, and I make bold to say that the finest eyes in the world are those of the Highland girls of Argile—burgh or landward—the best bred and gentlest of them, I mean. There is in them a full and melting friendliness, a mixture to my sometimes notion of poetry and of calm—a memory, as I've thought before, of the deep, misty glens and their sights and secrets. I have seen more of the warm heart and merriment in a simple Loch Finne girl's eyes than in all the faces of all the grand dames ever I looked on, Lowland or foreign.

What pleased me first and foremost about this girl Betty, daughter of Provost Brown, were her eyes, then, that

showed, even in yon dusky passage, a humorsome interest in young Elrignore in a kilt coming up-stairs swinging on a finger the key of Lucky Fraser's garret. She hung back doubtfully, though she knew me (I could see) for her old school-fellow and sometime boy-lover, but I saw something of a welcome in the blush at her face, and I gave her no time to chill me.

"Betty lass, 'tis you," said I, putting out a hand and shaking her soft fingers. "What think you of my ceremony in calling at the earliest chance to pay my devails to the provost of this burgh and his daughter?"

I put the key behind my back to give color a little to my words; but my lady saw it and jumped at my real errand on the stair, with that quickness ever accompanying eyes of the kind I have mentioned.

"Ceremony here, devail there!" said she, smiling, "there was surely no need for a key to our door, Elrignore—"

"Colin, Mistress Brown, plain Colin, if you please."

"Colin, if you will, though it seems daftlike to be so free with a soldier of twelve years' fortune. You were for the widow's garret. Does some one wait on you below?"

"John Splendid."

"My mother's in-by. She will be pleased to see you back again if you and your friend call. After you've paid the lawing," she added, smiling like a rogue.

"That will we," said I; but I hung on the stair-head, and she leaned on the inner sill of the stair window.

We got into a discourse upon old days, that brought a glow to my heart the brandy I forgot had never brought to my head. We talked of school, and the gay days in wood and field, of our childish wanderings on the shore, making sand-keps and stone houses, herding the crabs of God—so little that bairns dare not be killing them—of venturings to sea many ells out in tow-caulked herring-boxes, of journeys into the brave, deep woods that lie far and wide round In-naora, seeking the branch for the Bel-tane fire; of nutting in the hazels of the glens, and feasts upon the berry on the

brae. Later, the harvest-home and the dance in green or barn when I was at almost my man's height, with the pluck to put a bare lip to its apprenticeship on a woman's cheek; the songs at *ceilidh* fires, the telling of *speulachdan* and fairy tales up on the mountain shieling—

"Let me see," said I; "when I went abroad, were not you and one of the Glenaora Campbells chief?"

I said it as if the recollection had but sprung to me, while the truth is I had thought on it often in camp and field, with a regret that the girl should throw herself off on so poor a partner.

She laughed merrily with her whole soul in the business, and her face without art or pretence—a fashion most wholesome to behold.

"He married some one nearer him in years long syne," said she. "You forget I was but a bairn when we romped in the hay-dash." And we buckled to the crack again, I more keen on it than ever. She was a most marvellous fine girl, and I thought her (well I mind me now) like the blue harebell that nods upon our heather hills.

We might, for all I dreamt of the widow's brandy, have been conversing on the stair-head yet, and my story had a different conclusion, had not a step sounded on the stair, and up banged John Splendid, his sword-scabbard clinking against the wall of the stair with the haste of him.

"Set a cavalier at the side of an anker of brandy," he cried, "and—"

Then he saw he was in company. He took off his bonnet with a sweep I'll warrant he never learned anywhere out of France, and plunged into the thick of our discourse with a query.

"At your service, Mistress Brown," said he. "Half my errand to town to-day was to find if young MacLachlan, your relative, is to be at the market here to-morrow. If so—"

"He is," said Betty.

"Will he be intending to put up here all night, then?"

"He comes to supper at least," said she, "and his bidding overnight is yet to be settled."

John Splendid toyed with the switch

in his hand in seeming abstraction, and yet as who was pondering on how to put an unwelcome message in plausible language.

"Do you know," said he at last to the girl, in a low voice, for fear his words should reach the ears of her mother in-bye, "I would as well see MacLachlan out of town the morn's night. There's a waft of cold airs about this piace not particularly wholesome for any of his clan or name. So much I would hardly care to say to himself; but he might take it from you, madam, that the other side of the loch is the safest place for sound sleep for some time to come."

"Is it the MacNicolis you're thinking of?" asked the girl.

"That same, my dear."

"You ken," he went on, turning fuller round to me, to tell a story he guessed a newcomer was unlikely to know the ins and outs of—"you ken that one of the MacLachlans, a cousin-german of old Lachie the chief, came over in a boat to Braleckan a few weeks syne on an old feud, and put a bullet into a MacNicol, a peaceable lad who was at work in a field. Gay times, gay times, aren't they? From behind a dyke wall too—a far from gentlemanly escapade even in a MacLa— Pardon, mistress; I forgot your relationship, but this was surely a very low dog of his kind. Now from that day to this the murthurer is to find; there are some to say old Lachie could put his hand on him at an hour's notice if he had the notion. But his lordship, justiciar-general, up-bye, has sent his provost-marshal with letters of arrest to the place in vain. Now here's my story. The MacNicolis of Elrig have joined cause with their cousins and namesakes of Braleckan; there's a wheen of both to be in the town at the market to-morrow, and if young MacLachlan bides in this house of yours overnight, Mistress Betty Brown, you'll maybe hae broken delf and worse ere the day daw."

Mistress Brown took it very coolly; and as for me, I was thinking of a tiny brown mole-spot she used to have low on the white of her neck when I put daisy-links on her on the summers we

played on the green, and wondering if it was still to the fore and hid below her collar. In by the window came the saucy breeze and kissed her on a curl that danced above her ear.

"I hope there will be no lawlessness here," said she; "if the gentleman *will* go, he *will* go home; if he bides, he bides, and surely the burghers of Inneraora will not quietly see their provost's domicile invaded by brawlers."

"Exactly so," said John Splendid, dryly. "Nothing may come of it, but you might mention the affair to MacLachlan if you have the chance. For me to tell him would be to put him in the humor for staying—dour fool that he is—out of pure bravado and defiance. To tell the truth, I would bide myself in such a case. 'Thole feud' is my motto. My grandad writ it on the butt of his sword-blade in clear round print letters, I've often marvelled at the skill of. If it's your will, Elrigmore, we may be doing without the brandy, and give the house-dame a call now."

We went in and paid our duties to the good wife—a silver-haired dame with a wonderful number of Betty's turns in her voice, and ready sober smile.

CHAPTER IV.

A NIGHT ALARM.

Writing all this old ancient history down, I find it hard to riddle out in my mind the things that have really direct and pregnant bearing on the matter in hand. I am tempted to say a word or two anent my lord marquis's visit to my father, and his vain trial to get me enlisted into his corps for Lorn. Something seems due, also, to be said about the kindness I found from all the old folks of Inneraora, ever proud to see a lad of their own of some repute come back among them; and of my father's grieving about his wae widowerhood; but these things must stand by while I narrate how there arose a wild night in town Inneraora, with the Highlandmen from the glens into it with dirk and sword and steel Doune pistols, the flam-beaux flaring against the tall lands, and the Lowland burghers of the place standing up for peace and tranquil sleep.

The market-day came on the morning after the day John Splendid and I foregathered with my Lord Archibald. It was a smaller market than usual, by reason of the troublous times; but a few black and red cattle came from the landward part of the parish and Knapdale side, while Lochow and Breadalbane sent hoof nor horn. There was never a blacker sign of the times' unrest. But men came from many parts of the shire, with their chieftains or lairds, and there they went clamping about this Lowland-looking town like foreigners. I counted ten tartans in as many minutes between the cross and the kirk, most of them friendly with MacCaillein Mor, but a few, like that of MacLachlan of that ilk, at variance, and the wearers with ugly whingers or claymores at their belts. Than those MacLachlans one never saw a more barbarous-looking set. There were a dozen of them in the tall or retinue of old Lachie's son—a henchman, piper, piper's valet, *gille-more*, *gille-cas-fleuch* or running footman, and such others as the more vain of our Highland gentry at the time ever insisted on travelling about with, all stout junky men of middle size, bearded to the brows, wearing flat blue bonnets with a pervenke plant for badge on the sides of them, on their feet deerskin brogues with the hair out, the rest of their costume all belted tartan, and with arms clattering about them. With that proud pretence which is common in our people when in strange, unfamiliar occasions—and I would be the last to dispraise it—they went about by no means braggardly, but with the aspect of men who had better streets and more shops to show at home; surprised at nothing in their alert moments, but now and again forgetting their dignity and looking into little shop-windows with the wonder of bairns, and great gabbling together till MacLachlan fluted on his whistle, and they came, like good hounds, to heel.

All day the town hummed with Gaelic and the round bellowing of cattle. It was clear, warm weather, never a breath of wind to stir the gilding trees behind the burgh. At ebb-tide the sea-beach whitened and smoked in the sun,

and the hot air quivered over the stones and the crisping wrack. In such a season the bustling town in the heart of the stern Highlands seemed a fever spot. Children came boldly up to us for fairings or gifts, and they strayed—the scamps!—behind the droves, and thumped manfully on the buttocks of the cattle. A constant stream of men passed in and out at the change-house closes and about the Fisherland tenements, where seafarers and drovers together sang the maddest love-ditties in the voices of roaring bulls; beating the while with their feet on the floor in our foolish Gaelic fashion, or, as one could see through open windows, rugging and riving at the corners of a plaid spread between them—a trick, I daresay, picked up from women, who, at the waulking or washing of woollen cloth new spun, pull out the fabric to tunes suited to such occasions.

I spent most of the day with John Splendid and one Tearlach (or Charles) Fraser, an old comrade, and as luck, good or ill, would have it, the small hours of morning were on me before I thought of going home. By dusk the bulk of the strangers left the town by the highroads, among them the MacNicolles, who had only by the cunning of mutual friends (Splendid as busy as any) been kept from coming to blows with the MacLachlan tail. Earlier in the day, by a galley or wherry, the MacLachlans also had left, but not the young laird, who put up for the night at the house of Provost Brown.

The three of us I have mentioned sat at last playing cartes in the ferry-house, where a good glass could be had and more tidiness than most of the hostelries in the place could boast of. By the stroke of midnight we were the only customers left in the house, and when, an hour after, I made the move to set out for Glen Shira, John Splendid yoked on me as if my sobriety were a crime.

"Wait, man, wait, and I'll give you a convoy up the way," he would say, never thinking of the road he had himself to go down to Collebhraild.

And aye it grew late and the night more still. There would be a foot going

by at first at short intervals, sometimes a staggering one and a voice growling to itself in Gaelic; and anon the wayfarers were no more, the world outside in a black and solemn silence. The man who kept the ferry-house was often enough in the custom of staying up all night to meet belated boats from Kilcarrine; we were gentrice and good customers, so he composed himself in a lug chair and dozed in a little room opening off ours, while we sat fingering the book. Our voices as we called the cartes seemed now and then to me like a discourtesy to the peace and order of the night.

"I must go," said I a second time.

"Another one game," cried John Splendid. He had been winning every bout, but with a reluctance that shone honestly on his face; and I knew it was to give Tearlach and me a chance to better our reputation that he would have us hang on.

"You have hard luck indeed," he would say. Or, "You played that trick as few could do it." Or, "Am not I in the key to-night? there's less craft than luck here." And he played slovenly even once or twice, flushing, we could read, lest we could see the stratagem. At these times, by the curious way of chance, he won more surely than ever.

"I must be going," I said again. And this time I put the cartes by, firmly determined that my usual easy and pliant mood in fair company would be my own enemy no more.

"Another chappin of ale," said he. "Tearlach, get Elrigrmore to bide another bit. Tuts, the night's but young, the chap of two, and a fine, clear, clean air with a wind behind you for Shira Glen."

"Wheest!" said Tearlach of a sudden, and he put up a hand.

There was a skiffing of feet on the road outside—many feet and wary, with men's voices in a whisper caught at the teeth—a sound at that hour full of menace. Only a moment and then all was by.

"There's something strange here!" said John Splendid, "let's out and see." He put round his rapier more on the groin, and gave a jerk at the narrow belt

creasing his fair-day crimson vest. For me I had only the dirk to speak of, for the *sgian dubh* at my waist was a silver toy, and Tearlach, being a burgh man, had no arm at all. He lay hold on an oaken shinty stick that hung on the wall, property of the ferry-house landlord's son.

Out we went in the direction of the footsteps, round Gillemor's corner and the jail, past the Fencibles' arm-room and into the main street of the town, that held no light in door or window. There would have been moon, but a black wrack of clouds filled the heavens. From the kirk corner we could hear a hushed tumult down at the provost's close-mouth.

"Pikes and pistols!" cried Splendid. "Is it not as I said? yonder's your MacNicolles for you."

In a flash I thought of Mistress Betty with her hair down, roused by the marauding crew, and I ran hurriedly down the street shouting the burgh's slogan, "Slochd!"

"Damn the man's hurry!" said John Splendid, trotting at my heels, and with Tearlach, too, he gave lungs to the shout.

"Slochd!" I cried, and "Slochd!" they cried, and the whole town clanged like a bell. Windows open here and there, and out popped heads, and then:—

"Murder and thieves!" we cried stoutly again.

"Is't the Athole dogs?" asked some one in bad English from a window, but we did not bide to tell him.

"Slochd! slochd! club and steel!" more nimble burghers cried, jumping out at closes in our rear, and following with neither hose nor brogue, but the kilt thrown at one toss on the haunch and some weapon in hand. And the whole wide street was stark awake.

The MacNicolles must have numbered fully threescore. They had only made a pretence (we learned again) of leaving the town, and had hung on the riverside till they fancied their attempt at seizing MacLachlan was secure from the interference of the townfolk. They were packed in a mass in the close and on the stair, and the foremost were solemnly

battering at the night door at the top of the first flight of stairs, crying, "*Fuill airson fuill!*—blood for blood, out with young Lachie!"

We fell to on the rearmost with a will, first of all with the bare fist, for half of this midnight army were my own neighbors in Glen Shira, peaceable men in ordinary affairs, kirk-goers, law-abiders, though maybe a little common in the quality, and between them and the mustering burghers there was no feud. For a while we fought it dourly in the darkness with the fingers at the throat or the fist in the face, or wrestled warmly on the plain-stones, or laid out, such as had staves, with good vigor on the bonneted heads. Into the close we could not—soon I saw it—push our way, for the enemy filled it—a dense mass of tartan—stinking with peat and oozing with the day's debauchery.

"We'll have him out, if it's in bits," they said, and aye upon the stair-head banged the door.

"No remedy in this way for the folks besieged," thinks I, and stepping aside I began to wonder how best to aid our friends by strategy rather than force of arms. All at once I had mind that at the back of the land facing the shore an outhouse with a thatched roof ran at a high pitch well up against the kitchen window, and I stepped through a close further up and set, at this outhouse, to me climbing, leaving my friends fighting out in the darkness in a town tumultuous. To get up over the eaves of the outhouse was no easy task, and I would have failed without a doubt had not the stratagem of John Splendid come to his aid a little later than my own and sent him after me. He helped me first on the roof, and I had him soon beside me. The window lay unguarded (all the inmates of the house being at the front), and we stepped in and found ourselves soon in a household vastly calm considering the rabble dunting in its doors.

"A pot of scalding water and a servant wench at that back window we came in by would be a good sneak against all that think of coming after us," said John Splendid, stepping into the passage

where we had met Mistress Betty the day before—now with the stairhead door stoutly barred and barricaded up with heavy chests and napery-aumries.

"God! I'm glad to see you, sir!" cried the provost, "and you, Elrignore!" He came forward in a trepidation which was shared by few of the people about him.

Young MacLachlan stood up against the wall facing the barricaded door, a lad little over twenty, with a steel-grey, quarrelsome eye, and there was more bravado than music in a pipe-tune he was humming in a low key to himself. A little beyond, at the door of the best room, half in and half out, stood the goodwife Brown and her daughter. A son of the house, of about thirteen, with a brog or awl was teasing out the end of a flambeau in preparation to light it for some purpose not to be guessed at, and a servant lass, pock-marked, with one eye on the pot and the other up the lum, as we say of a glee or cast, made a storm of lamentation, crying in Gaelic:—

"My grief! my grief! what's to come of poor Peggy?" (Peggy being herself.) "Nothing for it but the wood and cave and the ravishing of the Ben Bhuidhe wolves."

Mistress Betty laughed at her notion, a sign of humor and courage in her (considering the plight) that fairly took me.

"I daresay, Peggy, they'll let us be," she said, coming forward to shake Splendid and me by the hand. "To keep me in braws and you in ashets to break would be more than the poor creatures would face, I'm thinking. You are late in the town, Elrignore."

"Colin," I corrected her, and she bit the inside of her nether lip in a style that means temper.

"It's no time for dalliance, I think. I thought you had been up the glen long syne, but we are glad to have your service in this trouble, Master—Colin" (with a little laugh and a flush at the cheek), "also Mr. Campbell. Do you think they mean seriously ill by MacLachlan?"

"Ill enough, I have little doubt," briskly replied Splendid. "A corps of MacNicolls, arrant knaves from all

airts, worse than the Macaulays or the Gregarach themselves, do not come banging at the burgh door of Inneraora at this uncanny hour for a child's play. Sir" (he went on, to MacLachlan), "I mind you said last market-day at Kil-michael, with no truth to back it, that you could run, shoot or sing any Campbell ever put on hose; let a Campbell show you the way out of a bees'-bike. Take the back window for it, and out the way we came in. I'll warrant there's not a wise enough (let alone a sober enough) man among all the idiots battering there who'll think of watching for your retreat."

MacLachlan, a most extraordinary vain and pompous little fellow, put his bonnet suddenly on his head, scugged it down vauntingly on one side over the right eye, and stared at John Splendid with a good deal of choler or hurt vanity.

"Sir," said he, "this was our affair till you put a finger into it. You might know me well enough to understand that none of our breed ever took a back door if a front offered."

"Whilk it does not in this case," said John Splendid, seemingly in a mood to humor the man. "But I'll allow there's the right spirit in the objection—to begin with in a young lad. When I was your age I had the same good Highland notion that the hardest way to face the foe was the handsomest. 'Pallas Armata'¹ (is't that you call the book of arms, Elrigmore?) tells different; but 'Pallas Armata' (or whatever it is) is for old men with cool blood."

Of a sudden MacLachlan made dart at the chests and pulled them back from the door with a most surprising vigor of arm before anyone could prevent him. The provost vainly tried to make him desist; John Splendid said in English, "Wha will to Cupar maun to Cupar," and in a jiffy the last of the barricade was down, but the door was still on two wooden bars slipping into stout staples. Betty in a low whisper asked me to save the poor fellow from his own hot temper.

¹ It could hardly be "Pallas Armata." The narrator anticipates Sir James Turner's ingenious treatise by several years.—N. M.

At the minute I grudged him the lady's consideration—too warm, I thought, even in a far-out relative, but a look at her face showed she was only in the alarm of a woman at the thought of anyone's danger.

I caught MacLachlan by the sleeve of his shirt—he had on but that and a kilt and vest—and jerked him back from his fool's employment; but I was a shave late. He ran back both wooden bars before I let him.

With a roar and a display of teeth and steel the MacNicolls came into the lobby from the crowded stair, and we were driven to the far parlor end. In the forefront of them was Nicol Beg MacNicoll, the nearest kinsman of the murdered Braleckan lad. He had a targe on his left arm—a round buckler of *darach* or oakwood covered with dun cow-hide, hair out, and studded in a pleasing pattern with iron bosses—a prong several inches long in the middle of it. Like every other scamp in the pack, he had dirk out. Beg or little he was in the countryside's bye-name, but in truth he was a fellow of six feet, as hairy as a brock and in the same straight, bristly fashion. He put out his arms at full reach to keep back his clansmen, who were stretching necks at poor MacLachlan like weasels, him with his nostrils swelling and his teeth biting his bad temper.

"Wait a bit, lads," said Nicol Beg; "perhaps we may get our friend here to come peaceably with us. I'm sorry" (he went on, addressing the provost) "to put an honest house to rabble at any time, and the Provost of Inneraora specially, for I'm sure there's kin's blood by my mother's side between us; but there was no other way to get MacLachlan once his tail was gone."

"You'll rue this, MacNicoll," fumed the provost—as red as a bubblyjock at the face—mopping with a napkin at his neck in a sweat of annoyance; "you'll rue it, rue it, rue it!" and he went into a coil of lawyer's threats against the invaders, talking of brander-irons and gallows, hame-sucken and housebreaking.

We were a daft-like lot in that long lobby in a wan candle-light. Over me

came that wonderment that falls on one upon stormy occasions (I mind it at the sally of Lechem), when the whirl of life seems to come to a sudden stop, all's but wooden dummies and a scene empty of atmosphere, and between your hand on the basket-hilt and the drawing of the sword is a lifetime. We could hear at the close-mouth and far up and down the street the shouting of the burghers, and knew that at the stair-foot they were trying to pull out the bottom-most of the marauders like tods from a hole. For a second or two nobody said a word to Nicol MacNicol's remark, for he put the issue so cool (like an invitation to saunter along the road) that all at once it seemed a matter between him and MacLachlan alone. I stood between the house-breakers and the women-folk beside me—John Splendid looking wonderfully ugly for a man fairly clean fashioned at the face by nature. We left the issue to MacLachlan, and I must say he came up to the demands of the moment with gentlemanliness, minding he was in another's house than his own.

"What is it ye want?" he asked MacNicol, burring out his Gaelic *r's* with punctilio.

"We want you in room of a murderer your father owes us," said MacNicol.

"You would slaughter me, then?" said MacLachlan, amazingly undisturbed, but bringing again to the front, by a motion of the haunch accidental to look at, the sword he leaned on.

"*Fuill airson fuil!*" cried the rabble on the stairs, and it seemed ghastly like an answer to the young laird's question; but Nicol Beg demanded peace, and assured MacLachlan he was only sought for a hostage.

"We but want your red-handed friend Dark Neil," said he; "your father kens his lair, and the hour he puts him in our hands for justice, you'll have freedom."

"Do you warrant me free of scath?" asked the young laird.

"I'll warrant not a hair of your head's touched," answered Nicol Beg; no very sound warranty, I thought, from a man who, as he gave it, had to put his weight back on the eager crew that pushed at his shoulders, ready to spring like

weasels at the throat of the gentleman in the red tartan.

He was young, MacLachlan, as I said; for him this was a delicate situation, and we about him were in no less a quandary than himself. If he defied the Glen Shira men, he brought bloodshed on a peaceable house, and ran the same risk of bodily harm that lay in the alternative of his going with them that wanted him.

Round he turned and looked for guidance—broken just a little at the pride, you could see by the lower lip. The provost was the first to meet him eye for eye.

"I have no opinion, Lachie," said the old man, snuffing rapee with the butt of an egg-spoon and spilling the brown dust in sheer nervousness over the night-shirt bulging above the band of his breeks. "I'm wae to see your father's son in such a corner, and all my comfort is that every tenant in Elrig and Brallockan pays at the Tolbooth or gallows of Inneraora town for this night's frolic."

"A great consolation to think of," said John Splendid.

The goodwife, a nervous body at her best, sobbed away with her pock-marked hussy in the parlor, but Betty was to the fore in a passion of vexation. To her the lad made next his appeal.

"Should I go?" he asked, and I thought he said it more like one who almost craved to stay. I never saw a woman in such a coil. She looked at the dark MacNicol's, and syne she looked at the fair-haired young fellow, and her eyes were swimming, her bosom heaving under her screen of Campbell tartan, her fingers twisting at the pleated hair that fell in sheeny cables to her waist.

"If I were a man I would stay, and yet—if you stay— Oh, poor Lachlan! I'm no judge," she cried; "my cousin, my dear cousin!" and over brimmed her tears.

All this took less time to happen than it takes to tell with pen and ink, and though there may seem in reading it to be too much palaver on this stair-head, it was but a minute or two, after the bar was off the door, that John Splendid took

me by the coat-lapel and back a bit to whisper in my ear:—

"If he goes quietly or goes gaffed like a grilse, it's all one on the street. Outbye the place is hotching with the townpeople. Do you think the Mac-Nicolls could take a prisoner by the Cross?"

"It'll be cracked crowns on the causeway," said I.

"Cracked crowns anyway you take it," said he, "and better on the causeway than on Madame Brown's parlor floor. It's a gentleman's policy, I would think, to have the squabble in the open air, and save the women the likely sight of bloody gashes."

"What do you think, Elrigmore?" Betty cried to me the next moment, and I said it were better the gentleman should go. The reason seemed to flash on her there and then, and she backed my counsel; but the lad was not the shrewdest I've seen, even for a Cowal man, and he seemed vexed that she should seek to get rid of him, glancing at me with a scornful eye as if I were to blame.

"Just so," he said, a little bitterly; "the advice is well meant," and on went his jacket that had hung on a peg behind him, and his bonnet played scrug on his forehead. A wiry young scamp, spirited too! He was putting his sword into its scabbard, but MacNicoll stopped him, and he went without it.

Now, it was not the first time "Slochd a Chubair" was cried as slogan in Baile Inneraora in the memory of the youngest lad out that early morning with a cudgel. The burgh settled to its Lowlandishness with something of a grudge. For long the landward clans looked upon the incomers to it as foreign and unfriendly. More than once in fierce or drunken escapades they came into the place in their *mogans* at night, quiet as ghosts, mischievous as the winds, and set fire to wooden booths, or shot in wantonness at any mischancy unkillt citizen late returning from the change-house. The tartan was at those times the only passport to their good favor; to them the black cloth knee-breeches were red rags to a bull, and ill luck to the lad

that wore the same anywhere outside the Crooked Dyke that marks the town and policies of his lordship. If he fared no worse, he came home with his coat-skirts scantily filling an office unusual. Many a time "Slochd!" rang through the night on the Athole winter when I dozed far off on the fields of Low Germanie, or sweated in sallies from leaguered towns. And experience made the burghers mighty tactical on such occasions. Old Leslie or "Pallas Armata" itself conferred no better notion of strategic sally than the simple one they used when the MacNicolls came down the stair with their prisoner; for they had dispersed themselves in little companies up the closes on either side the street, and past the close the invaders bound to go.

They might have known, the Mac-Nicolls, that mischief was forward in that black silence, but they were, like all Glen men, unacquaint with the quirks of urban war. For them the fight in earnest was only fair that was fought on the heather and the brae; and that was always my shame of my countrymen, that a half company of hagbutiers, with wail cover to depend on, could worst the most chivalrous clan that ever carried triumph at a rush.

For the middle of the street the invaders made at once, half ready for attack from before or behind, but ill prepared to meet it from all airts as attack came. They were not ten yards on their way when Splendid and I, emerging behind them, found them pricked in the rear by one company, brought up short by another in front at Stonefield's land, and harassed on the flanks by the lads from the closes. They were caught in a ring.

Lowland and Highland, they roared lustily as they came to blows, and the street boiled like a pot of herring: in the heart of the commotion young MacLachlan tossed hither and yond—a stick in a linn. A half-score more of MacNicolls might have made all the difference in the end of the story, for they struck desperately, better men by far as weight and agility went than the burgh half-breds, but (to their credit) so unwilling

to shed blood, that they used the flat of the claymore instead of the wedge.

Young Brown flung up a window and lit the street with the flare of the flambeau he had been teasing out so earnestly, and dunt, dunt went the oaken rungs on the bonnets of Glen Shira, till Glen Shira smelt defeat and fell slowly back.

In all this horoyally I took but an onlooker's part. MacLachlan's quarrel was not mine, the burgh was none of my blood, and the Glen Shira men were my father's friends and neighbors. Splendid, too, cannily kept out of the turmoil when he saw that young MacLachlan was safely free of his warders, and that what had been a cause militant was now only a Highland diversion.

"Let them play away at it," he said; "I'm not keen to have wounds in a burgher's brawl in my own town when there's promise of braver sport over the hills among other tartans."

Up the town drifted the little battle, no dead left, as luck had it, but many a gout of blood. The white gables clanged back the cries, in claps like summer thunder, the crows in the beech-trees complained in a rasping, roudy chorus, and the house-doors banged at the back of men who, weary or wounded, sought home to bed. And Splendid and I were on the point of parting, secure that the young laird of MacLachlan was at liberty, when that gentleman himself came scouring along, hard pressed by a couple of MacNicolls ready with brands out to cut him down. He was without steel or stick, stumbling on the causeway-stones in a stupor of weariness, his mouth gasping and his coat torn wellnigh off the back of him. He was never in his twenty years of life nearer death than then, and he knew it; but when he found John Splendid and me before him he stopped and turned to face the pair that followed him—a fool's vanity to show fright had not put the heels to his hurry! We ran out beside him, and the MacNicolls refused the *rencontre*, left their quarry, and fled again to the town-head, where their friends were in a dusk young Brown's flambeau failed to mitigate.

"I'll never deny after this that you can't outrun me!" said John Splendid, putting by his small sword.

"I would have given them their nail through the reek in a double dose if I had only a simple knife," said the lad angrily, looking up the street, where the fighting was now over. Then he whipped into Brown's close and up the stair, leaving us at the gable of Craignure's house.

John Splendid, ganting sleepily, pointed at the fellow's disappearing skirts. "Do you see yon?" said he, and he broke into a line of a Gaelic air that told his meaning.

"Lovers?" I asked.

"What do you think yourself?" said he.

"She is mighty put about at his hazard," I confessed, reflecting on her tears.

"Cousins, ye ken, cousins!" said Splendid, and he put a finger in my side, laughing meaningly.

I got home when the day stirred among the mists over Strone.

THREE DAYS OF WAR IN ANNAM.¹

BY PIERRE LOTI.

Translated for The Living Age by William Marchant.

I.

ON BOARD.

August 17th, 1883.

The squadron assembles in the Bay of Turan. An attack on the forts and on the city of Hué will be made to-morrow.

No communication with the shore. The day is spent in preparations. The thermometer indicates 88°, in the wind and shade. High mountains surround the bay, suggesting the Alps, minus their snows. In the distance, on a tongue of sand, is visible the village of Turan, a collection of huts, built of wood and reeds.

On board, the men who are to compose the landing-party are receiving their equipment: rations, ammunition, knapsack, gun-strap, etc.; they are even made to try on their shoes. The sailors

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are as merry as boys at this idea of going on shore to-morrow, and preparations are made with great good humor.

Nevertheless, sun-strokes and fever have already made ravages among them; many brave fellows, lately alert and gay, now creep about with drooping heads and tired, yellow faces.

In the afternoon a canoe comes off from shore, bringing mandarins clad in black, one of them sheltered under a vast white parasol. They go to hold a parley on board the flag-ship, and return as they came.

At five o'clock a meeting and council of the captains on board the "Bayard." Rain falling in torrents, and violent wind.

The sailors spend the evening singing, more gayly than usual; and even the harsh, quaint sounds of the *binion*, a kind of bag-pipe, are heard, which some Breton sailor has on board.

Saturday, Aug. 18th.

At nine in the morning the squadron ("Bayard," "Atalante," "Annamite," "Château-Renaud," "Drac," "Lynx," "Vipère") moves out of the bay in line, traverses a legion of fishing-junks, with sails like butterflies' wings, and steams towards Hué, the capital of Annam.

The day is sunny and splendid. At twenty minutes past two the squadron is off the mouth of the river of Hué. In the foreground a sandy shore, glittering in the sunlight, a few coconut palms with feathery heads, a few houses with roofs curved after the Chinese style. One large fort visible, guarding the entrance of the river, where there is a line of breakers.

The squadron approaches with precaution, dropping the lead at intervals, comes to anchor as near the land as possible, and, hoisting French flags, swings round, broadside on, to commence the bombardment.

The fort replies bravely, running up the yellow flag of Annam. It appears to be a modern fort, well built and casemated, but no guns are visible. A few men appear at the embrasures; they seem to watch us from mere curiosity, and with composure. Their resist-

ance will probably not be very serious; we are expecting to see them take to flight at the first cannonade.

Above the glittering line of the sands the mountains rise very high and dark in the background, outlined in sombre tones against the radiant blue sky.

Half-past five.

A first shell from the "Bayard" gives the signal for opening fire. It falls full upon the Annamite fort, sending up a reddish whirling cloud of sand and gravel. From all the ships of the squadron begins the bombardment, regular and methodical, each aiming at the exact spot indicated the day before. Several minutes pass, and, on land, nothing stirs; apparently the Annamese have made their escape.

But suddenly, little rapid gleams flash in the embrasures of the fort, accompanied by white puffs of smoke; it is the reply; they are firing upon us.

Outside of the fort there are also guns, little batteries that we did not see, *en échelon* all along the shore in the sand; and these also fire as fast as they can.

But it is round shot, which does not carry to our distance. The balls drop half way, making eddies in the water. Only the despatch-boats, which have gone closer in, may by chance get hit, now and then; the iron-clads, too remote, look on without anxiety; we see the shot skip and ricochet upon the water like a tennis ball, and then disappear.

Soon, great red flames begin to rise behind the fort of Tuan-an; these are burning villages, set on fire by our shells; the flames spread rapidly, rising very high, with dense smoke.

The bombardment continues. Notwithstanding the rolling of the vessels, which interferes with our aim, our shells rain upon the Annamese fort, tearing everything to pieces; but its defenders hold their ground, and fire more rapidly. Certainly they show courage.

Seven in the evening.

It is now nearly dark; only the light from the burning village shows us where to aim. Very heavy clouds have gathered upon the mountains, making a vast black background, over which play

flashes of lightning; low down, on a level with the sea, there are rapid little gleams from the guns which are aimed at us. A great yellow moon, rising much entangled in clouds, only feebly lights up the scene; it has become too dark to distinguish anything. At a signal from the flag-ship to cease firing all becomes still.

But the Annamese had fired back to the last, with an unexpected strength of resistance; and all King Tu-Duc's flags are still flying.

To-morrow, which will be Sunday, the storming-party will be landed at day-break; landing-stages and rafts of bamboo and all other needful material have been made ready. The sailors continue light-hearted as ever; but more serious minds are a little anxious about this landing with so small a force in the midst of the surf, on a shore protected by cannon and soldiers. Seen close at hand, it appears less easy than it did yesterday, when the matter was under discussion at Turan.

Sunday, Aug. 19th.

Hammocks stowed at four o'clock in the morning. The landing-parties hurriedly take their weapons, munitions and rations. Field-pieces and revolving guns are loaded upon the boats.

Half-past five.

A countermanding order from the flag-ship; the landing is postponed. The squadron's whale-boats have been out in the night examining the bar, which is too dangerous to-day. Before sunrise the men are disarmed, the material replaced, and on board the ships begins—as if nothing else had been intended—the traditional clothes-washing of Sunday.

In the early morning the air is so pure that we can distinguish on land, even at a distance, all sorts of small details.

Our marine-glasses look far up the river of Hué: tall trees, green palms, and, from point to point, the flags of Annam, indicating forts and batteries. The city itself cannot be seen—where, we are told, the head of the unfortunate Commandant Rivière is still exposed, in the public square, on the end of a pole.

And now there is a movement of

troops on the beach. Soldiers emerge from Fort Tuan-an, which we bombarded yesterday; they are in black clothes, and wear great white Chinese hats, mushroom-shaped. We can see their weapons glitter in the sunshine. These are soldiers of the king's regular army. They begin crossing the river on ferry-boats, going to occupy the opposite fort on the southern bank. The "Bayard" shells them; panics result, and some fall overboard; they run madly over the sand. But the movement continues; and now the Annamese forts begin to return our fire.

This morning, to our surprise, their projectiles reach us, and whistle through the air with the same sound as ours. It appears that they are using rifled guns. As they had none yesterday, these must have been placed in position during the night.

A projectile traverses the "Vipère's" top; another smashes the plates of the "Bayard" and hits a sailor in the breast. Then, upon a signal from the flag-ship, the bombardment recommences.

To-day the sea is calm, and the guns of the squadron, perfectly levelled, bear full upon the Annamese batteries, which are to be destroyed. Every time we fire, whirlwinds of sand and stones fly. The enemy's fire lasts only ten minutes. At the end of half an hour we also stop, as the land does not resume firing.

It is now eleven o'clock. It will be a day of rest for the sailors, who need it; the boatswain's whistle gives the well-known signal that games are allowed. The squadron's batteries, blackened with powder and smoke and the muddy water of the sponges, have not their usual aspect, their delightful Sunday neatness; but there is a fresh sea-breeze to-day, not too hot, very good to breathe. Instead of taking their usual amusement, the crews, fatigued by several days of excessive labor and wakeful nights, lie flat upon the deck and sleep, and the ships are as silent as huge dormitories.

At eight in the evening a council of war on board the flag-ship. The breakers are not so high as they were; the Annamese forts, twice bombarded, can-

not be in a condition to offer prolonged resistance; it is decided to disembark in the morning, and the sailors turn in immediately to get what sleep they can before four o'clock.

The officers of the landing party are already designated in accordance with certain fixed rules, founded upon rank and seniority; those who are to remain for duty on board are prepared, therefore, for the deprivation, and accept it without murmuring.

For the men, it is more an arbitrary matter; many petty officers who had not been designated at first succeed in substituting themselves for others, less wily, and will go in their place. The duty of to-morrow will be to seize the whole left bank of the river, which is the most solidly fortified portion of the coast. Besides the small batteries here and there in the sand, there is the great circular southern fort, which guards the entrance to the river, with some forty embrasures; then, the battery of the Rice-Magazine; and lastly, going up the river, towards the northwest, the northern fort. All have been more or less injured by our shells, but have doubtless been repaired during the night, and are capable of opening fire again.

A splendid night. The vessels of the squadron are throwing searchlights in every direction over the shore, which probably are very alarming to the Annamese. At the same time our whale-boats are sounding the mouth of the river and exploring the shoals.

Monday, Aug. 20th, 4 A. M.

Hammocks stowed. It is still dark. The corps of debarkation breakfasts hurriedly, takes weapons, ammunition and two days' rations. A few hand-claps, a few brief words of advice exchanged between those who go and those who stay; then the men embark. All the guns of the squadron are pointed towards the coast ready for firing.

5.30 A. M.

At dawn of day the French flags are sent up to all the mast-heads; the uproar of the bombardment begins again. The land makes no answer. The sand-hills of

the shore are a white line all along the horizon; above them the mountains of Annam are outlined in violet tints against the brightening sky.

5.50 A. M.

The whole flotilla of boats is in motion. The weather very clear, perfectly calm. The sun rises under little golden clouds. The day has come all at once, as is usual in tropical countries.¹ All the details of the mountain forms are touched with rose-color and blue. Beyond the sand-hills there are green cocoanut-palms, batteries, villages, pagodas, houses whose roofs are decorated with open woodwork. But nothing stirs in all this. And our shells seem to fall in a deserted region.

6.20 A. M.

The boat-loads from the "Bayard" and the "Atalante" arrive, and effect a landing in the surf, getting very wet. It is a moment of anxiety; from our decks can be clearly seen rows of Annamese heads appearing over the sand-hills, invisible, however, to the sailors, who are landing; these fellows are waiting for them in the trenches. The "Lynx," which is nearest to the shore, fires a volley which seems to bring down a score of Annamese; the rest disappear.

It is near the northern fort, opposite a village, that the landing is made. Suddenly, from behind the sand-hills, comes a shower of flaming *bombettes*, with a few projectiles and scraps of old iron. No one is wounded. The *bombettes* are almost inoffensive; they fall gently on the sand like little meteors. The sailors run up over the sand-hills, they find the Annamese in the trenches, they fire upon them, then charge with the bayonet. In a second of time all this first yellow band is in flight. A thousand strong, perhaps, they take flight before this handful of sailors. The company from the "Atalante" advance, running, towards the northern fort. The Annamese rush out, fire without killing anybody, then fall back and run away.

6.40 A. M.

The sailors from the "Atalante" are now inside the northern fort. The An-

¹ "And the dawn comes up like thunder
Out of China 'erost the bay."—Kipling.

name flag is hauled down and the French hoisted in its place, by Lieutenant Poidloüe, who is in command of the company. The sailors pursue the Annamese in a northwesterly direction.

7.00 A. M.

The artillery and the first group of marine infantry have just landed, and the boats are returning for a second load. A new Annamese battery set up on the beach opens fire upon the "Vipère," which replies. The shells have set fire to the northern village, which begins to blaze.

7.30 A. M.

The Annamese battery of the Rice-Magazine opens fire. Our shells have set a second conflagration—a very fine one—village, pagoda, everything, burning with immense red flames and vast whirling clouds of smoke.

7.40 A. M.

The second boat-load of marine infantry is landed; all the artillery is now disembarked, and is taken up to the top of the sand-hills; the French troops are massed facing the south, at right angles to the beach, ready to advance upon the great forts.

7.50 A. M.

The shells from the squadron have set fire within the circular southern fort. All the French troops are massed; the artillery on the sand opens upon the fort. On the north all the houses are in flames.

8.00 A. M.

The French troops divide, and advance southward.

8.35 A. M.

The first French groups arrive, few in number, at the battery of the Rice-Magazine, and fire hastily, then fall back and take shelter; the circular fort fires upon them. The bombardment from the squadron becomes more rapid.

8.45 A. M.

The French troops on the shore signal to the flag-ship (by means of steering flags raised on a pole) a request that the firing on the forts should be stopped. The flag-ship signals to the squadron: "Cease firing."

8.50 A. M.

A moment of great anxiety, for those who are watching from the decks: the Annamese make a sortie from the Rice-Magazine and fire very rapidly upon the advancing French, who fall back and throw themselves flat in the sand.

8.55 A. M.

The anxiety is relieved: all the French are on their feet again. It is evident that no one is wounded, for they are all running; they rush upon the Annamese without giving them time to reload. Reinforcements of sailors and marine infantry come up in the rear. The Annamese run away with great haste, southward, and take shelter in a group of houses over which floats their flag. The French pursue them.

9.00 A. M.

From the squadron it cannot be clearly seen what is going on in this cluster of houses and trees. There is sharp firing, and the Annamese flag falls. The French continue their advance towards the circular southern fort. The sun is now high, and the heat very severe.

9.05 A. M.

The French artillery, which has arrived at the village of Tuan-an, the last village on the south, close by the circular fort, is heard firing. The village of Tuan-an takes fire suddenly, and blazes up like a great heap of straw.

9.10 A. M.

The French enter, from both sides simultaneously, the great circular fort, which the shells from the squadron have already filled with dead bodies. The last Annamese who had taken shelter there rush out, scrambling over the walls, absolutely mad with terror. Some seek to swim across the river, others take boats, or try to ford the stream, to take shelter on the southern shore. Those who are in the water seek to protect themselves with braided mats, wicker shields, or pieces of sheet-iron. The marines out of pity cease firing and let them escape; there will be plenty of dead bodies in the fort to clear away this evening before our men go to bed.

The great yellow flag of the country which has been flying there two days is struck; and the French flag goes up in its place. This is the end. The whole north shore is taken, swept, burned. On the whole, a successful and brilliant morning's work, admirably managed.

On the side of the Annamese, about six hundred dead strew the roads and the villages.

On our side, a dozen slightly wounded; not one killed; not even a single dangerous wound.

9.15 A. M.

The flag-ship "Bayard" orders the crew to man the shrouds and cry "Hurra!" All the vessels of the squadron do likewise.

And then, everywhere, it is quiet. Every one will rest until evening, at least.

The force on the shore ask for wine and for water from the squadron, which is sent them; and then they establish themselves in the shade.

From the deck, it was easy to look down upon and follow, as on a plan, all the movements of the attack. Now, with a marine glass, details, costumes, attitudes, episodes, can be distinguished.

A quartermaster is walking sedately along the beach under a mandarin's parasol.

An Annamese, who is shamming dead on the sands, is discovered by a sailor carrying a barrel, who shakes his finger at him, as one does at a troublesome boy. The Annamese makes *tchin-tchin* to him very humbly, and kisses his feet, begging for mercy.

The soldier listens kindly: "But you must carry this barrel, then."

He places it on the other's shoulders, who follows him like a groom.

There is not a breath of air. The oppressive heat of noon reigns everywhere. The motionless sea glitters and seems to radiate heat like a mirror. The line of the sand-hills under the sunlight is of a fatiguing white; two or three dead bodies of the Annamese lie on the beach; sheep and swine, driven out by the flames, pass over them running; a poor

dog who, doubtless, has lost his master gallops to right and left, as if bereft of his senses. In the distance, the mountains grow pale in a kind of hot vapor, and the blue of the sky seems to be dulled by the heat.

Not a sound is heard. The villages still burn with long, red flames; their smoke rises straight, and to an astonishing height, the air is so still; in the midst of all this dazzling blue, it is like gigantic black columns.

Again a little firing, about three o'clock in the afternoon. The squadron has changed its anchorage, and has taken a position opposite the mouth of the river. The Annamese forts of the south shore fire upon the "Vipère" and the "Lynx," which are lying close to the bar, to be in a position to cross it in the morning. The squadron replies, and the firing ceases.

The night is perfectly calm. All along the coast appears the light of the burning villages which flame in the moonlight until morning.

Around these fires there must be curious things going on. But they are very far away, and it is impossible now to see anything from the deck.

II.

ON SHORE.

7.00 P. M.

It is already night. Near a little fire which is burning on the ground two officers of the squadron are seated in gilded arm-chairs of Oriental form; they are inside a fort, on the sand, in the midst of débris, fragments and rags of all kinds.

Behind them, a tent which has been made hurriedly with whatever came to hand: old veils, pieces of yellow flags, draperies of embroidered silk, and for poles there are lances, broken oars, bamboos, and flag-staffs striped with gold.

Sailors come and go in the darkness, marauding for wherewithal to make themselves supper; their steps are noiseless on the sand, and they scarcely speak; there is a sort of dull calm everywhere, in themselves as well as all around them, as this night comes on.

These almost sumptuous objects, this

tent and these lances, these gildings in the midst of this confusion—the whole scene assumes, with the coming on of darkness, a semblance of grandeur. Vaguely it brings to mind scenes of the past, pillages, invasions in ancient Asia.

And the two officers sitting there, in their court arm-chairs, communicate to each other this impression which has come to both of them; they speak of it to each other, laughing at themselves, naturally ridiculing their own idea, through being used to situations of all kinds, and from the modern habit of turning everything into a joke. At heart they both have that feeling, which rather pleases them, of a night-watch in some camp of Attila or of Genghis Khan. And the resemblance is real, for—though the epoch be changed, and the names also—the facts, in themselves, are similar.

Impossible, however, to continue the conversation gayly. Silence returns, one knows not why. One thinks of all this region in the darkness, outside the low walls of the fort, where these long-haired dead are lying scattered. It is a fact that their long, rough hair gives a very peculiar aspect to these corpses of soldiers.

In this silence and this repose, a thousand details come into one's mind; things are extremely clear to you; you are extremely conscious of the horrible, in what it has been necessary to do.

It has been a hard day. Slowly, one goes over, hour by hour, its successive events.

First, the landing, full of uncertainties, in the early morning twilight, in the surf; the sailors in the water up to their belts, knocked about by the waves, getting their arms and ammunition wet. A bad beginning. Then, the whole party safely landed on the beach, notwithstanding bullets and the rain of *bombettes* from above, from the invisible enemy hidden behind the sand-hills. Rapidly, and silent as the dead, our men began running up; and then, suddenly, in a line of entrenchment, wonderfully made, which seemed to surround the whole little peninsula, they came upon the enemy, in ambush, crouching like sly

rats in their holes of sand; yellow men, very ugly to behold, emaciated, ragged, very poorly armed with old rusty guns, and having on their heads white lamp-shades. These did not seem a very formidable enemy, and were dislodged with blows from the butt end of guns or with the bayonet.

Some of them fled northward, dropping their provisions, their little baskets of rice, their quids of betel. And all this, which happened very rapidly, in a few seconds, now recurs in memory very slowly, with singular precision of detail.

Then the officer in command gave the order to the party from the "Atalante" to go to the very top of the hill and take the fort on the right, over which was flying the yellow flag of Annam.

The men began running up, a little in disorder, the sailors scampering on like boys. Then suddenly, they all stopped, and fell back a couple of steps. A new trench, filled with heads! All these faces rose upon them at once, under a row of Chinese hats of the lamp-shade form; their small eyes, obliquely set, gazed at our men with a sly and savage look, dilated by intense life, by a paroxysm of rage and terror.

These were the men who had been seen from the squadron and watched anxiously with the glass.

They had no resemblance at all to the poor fellows in the lower trench; these were very fine, vigorous, stocky soldiers, with square, military heads of the Hunnish type, wearing long hair and little chin-tufts, pointed, after the Mongol style.

Fitted out in an orderly manner, each carrying his store of bullets in a little wicker-basket on his arm, like a house-keeper going to market, there they were, barring the way, waiting, silent, motionless; these were the Annamese regulars, and brave soldiers they must have been to have supported the formidable cannonading of yesterday.

They were poorly armed, it is true, but this was scarcely apparent at first sight—lances decorated with tufts of red hair, frightful great cutlasses fastened on poles, and flint-lock guns with a bayonet attached.

A moment's hesitation and fear among these astonished boys, the sailors—doubtless the surprise of seeing these strange yellow faces rising out of the sand close before them.

It is a serious matter, a sudden fear like this. The Annamese rose up, more and more, as if coming out of their holes. The moment became critical. Our men were not over thirty in number—these who had outstripped the others; the rest were only half-way up the hill, too far behind to furnish support.

And as a matter of fact these very sailors who headed the storming party, notwithstanding their sturdy build and their air of being grown men, were almost all of them under twenty. Breton fisher-boys who had only left their homes in the spring, and had never seen this kind of a show before. They had been told about caltrops, holes filled with spikes which the Chinese conceal in the ground. Knotted cords had been given them, and the nature of the snare and the way of getting out of it had been explained. These things came to their minds; and the head of Commandant Rivière set on the pole; and the death of tortured prisoners. Yes, there is no doubt they were a little frightened.

The lieutenant in command began shouting: "Forward!" and saying to them in great haste whatever he could think of to stimulate them. He had with him a brave boatswain, Jean-Louis Balcon, who had already seen service in China, and now sought to encourage the men on his left by a rapid and grotesque sailor-harangue. And the heads behind the trench strained their little oblique eyes, hesitating, asking themselves if the moment was come to rush out upon these Frenchmen.

All this, which is very long to tell, did not last two minutes. But, from the squadron, this hesitation had been observed, and it had caused extreme anxiety.

At last, suddenly, the sailors were carried away by some successful appeal, some feeling of passion or of duty. They dashed forward, shouting, against the Annamese.

The latter had expected an attack

with side-arms, having seen the glitter of the French bayonets. But no; the rifles were loaded, and what followed was quick firing, one of those rapid, destructive volleys which fall like hail. The Annamese dropped before it, making the sand fly; no longer silent, but finding shrill voices to scream; they were mad with terror and could not use their spears; this rapidity of our weapons confused them. No, they had never imagined anything like this: guns still more formidable and more mysterious than the cannon of yesterday! Then they were seized with that nameless terror at things incomprehensible, fatal, against which one feels that nothing can be done; and the panic of bewilderment seized them all, as fire spreads in a trail of powder.

Screaming, they fled, stumbling over each other in their narrow trench. And our men, a little handful, maddened now by the smoke, the sun, the bloodshed, rushed after them up the hill.

In a few moments they had reached the top, where stood the fort. Soldiers who looked like Huns, guarding this fort, concealed behind slopes of earth, emerged with the rapidity of a Jack-in-the-Box, and fired almost into the sailors' faces. But, by one of those extraordinary chances which we have had before this morning, the discharge hurt no one, and these Annamese instantly fled also, in disorder, catching the contagion of fear.

Then the lieutenant, aided constantly by the boatswain, Jean-Louis Balcon, pulled down the yellow flag of Annam and the black flag of the mandarin, and ran up that of France in their place. This fort stood on the highest point of the peninsula, and the little French flag could at once be seen from all sides: from the beach and from the squadron, our men, all very demonstrative at this moment, saluted it with shouts. This was the first to float over Tu-Duc's territory; it was nothing, and it was much; a sign of hope for us, and, for the Annamese, a presage of defeat.

From the top of this fort, where the

men from the "Atalante" gathered as fast as they reached the hill-top, there could be seen all that was going on at the shore: the company from the "Bayard," the artillery, the marine infantry and the native *matas*, massed upon the beach, ready to begin their advance upon the southern forts. This was noticed incidentally, but the point of importance at the moment was to watch the fugitives, who were going down the other side of the hill, inland, towards the great lagoon, and might at any moment rally and return.

They went off towards the left and found shelter in a village below the fort. A village very attractive in the sunshine, with little white houses striped in color after the Chinese fashion; with handsome exotic trees and olooming gardens; with ancient pagodas, whose walls were adorned with many-colored porcelains, and whose rooms bristled with monsters.

Oh! the unfortunate fugitives! The moment after, this village burst into flames. A shell from the squadron had fallen in it, just amid all the straw cabins. Painted board walls, fine bamboo frame-work, open-work partitions of rattan, all caught fire almost at once; the flames went from house to house so rapidly that there was not time to see the fire catch.

In the morning light, which was cool and blue, these flames were of an extraordinary red; they did not add light, but were the color of blood. They were seen to writhe and intertwine and eagerly destroy, while the smoke, intensely black, diffused an acrid and very offensive musky odor. On the pagoda-roofs, among the outstretched claws and forked tails and general devilry, the red tongues of the fire seemed at first not out of place. But very soon all the little plaster monsters began to crackle and burst, scattering to right and left their blue porcelain scales and their wicked little glass eyes, and finally they fell through, with the joists, into the yawning holes of the sanctuaries.

The sailors now could scarcely be held in hand; they were eager to run

down into the village, rummage under the trees, and put an end to Tu-Duc's men. But it would have been incurring a needless danger, for evidently the poor fugitives were going to be forced to get away and take refuge elsewhere, scorched by the fire, and in a worse rout than before.

During this time, the combined movement towards the south of the other French troops became more rapid; there, as here, the enemy was fleeing, and, one after another, the yellow flags of Annam were going down. The great battery of the Rice-Magazine was taken, the villages behind it burned, with red flames and black smoke. And it was surprising to see all these conflagrations, to see how quickly and well everything went, how the whole region burned up. One ceased to have any other thought than this; all feelings were absorbed in this astonishing fever of destructiveness.

After all, in the Far East, to destroy is the first law of war. And then, when one comes with but a handful of men to subjugate an immense country, the enterprise is so adventurous that one must spread much terror, under penalty of perishing one's self.

And now, into the midst of this group of sailors from the "Atalante," who were collected there on the top of the hill, having nothing further to do, an Annamese battery sent three balls, perfectly aimed, which, by rare good luck, passed among them without hitting any one, and they scarcely noticed it, our men, so occupied they were in seeing the great spectacle of the rout complete itself, almost unaided, in the hot stretch of sand at their feet.

And indeed the escape of Tu-Duc's soldiers from the burning village was not long delayed. Suddenly they were seen to appear, to mass themselves, coming out of the different houses, still hesitating, tucking up their long garments to run the better, shielding their heads against the rifle-balls with pieces of plank, mats, wicker screens—childish precautions, such as might be taken against a shower of rain. And then they began running at full speed.

Some of them seemed to be absolutely wild, running because dizzy-headed, like a wounded animal, going in zig-zags and aimlessly, their chignons coming down and the long hair making them look like women. Others flung themselves into the lagoon, swimming, and covering the head with fragments of woven wicker or straw, seeking to reach the junks.

And, in the burning village, little heaps of the dead, or dying; some not quite motionless, an arm or leg flung straight out in agony; or a horrible scream making itself heard.

Scarcely nine o'clock in the morning, and the whole work seemed to be done; the force from the "Bayard" and the infantry had just captured the circular fort, armed with over a hundred guns; its great yellow flag, the last to go down, lay on the ground; and from here also, terrified fugitives in crowds were throwing themselves into the lagoons. In less than three hours, the French attack had been made, with surprising accuracy and success; the king of Annam had received a final defeat.

The noise of the artillery, the bang of the big guns had ceased; the squadron fired no longer, but lay tranquil on the deep, blue water.

And then, a multitude of men clothed in white duck made their way rapidly into the rigging; all the sailors left on board to a man; they all placed themselves facing the land, and shouted together: "Hurra!" waving their caps. This was the end.

As noon approached, all the men from the "Atalante" had gathered by degrees within the little fort which they were to occupy until the next day, by order of the commanding officer. They were much exhausted by physical fatigue, nervous excitement and thirst. The pinkish sands shone intolerably under this tropical sun, whose dazzling rays fell almost vertically, so that a man standing up cast a very short shadow, which ended between his feet.

And this great land of Annam, visible on the other side of the lagoon,

seemed an Eden, with its high, blue mountains, its cool and wooded valleys. One thought also of the immense city of Hué, there, behind those screens of verdure, scarcely defended now, and full of mysterious treasures. Doubtless we should go there to-morrow, and that would be the great sport.

The dinner hour had arrived, and the men had arranged as best they could to make comfortable their meagre campaigners' repast. Fortunately, there was near by the portable hut of a military mandarin who had fled last evening—a very large hut of bamboos and cane, in fine, elegant trellis work, extremely light. This had been brought up, with its armchairs and rattan benches; and our men had taken shelter therein from the burning sun.

An unpleasant surprise: there was a scarcity of wine, although orders had been given expressly by the admiral and the captain of the "Atalante." It was incomprehensible; but no matter! a little more water was poured into the canteens, and dinner was none the less gay for that.

Everybody had picked up lances, clothing, strings of beads and fine strips of woollen stuff in the different Chinese colors. (Sailors, specially, are fond of sashes). They gave themselves airs of victorious generals under magnificent parasols; or they negligently waved fans and feather fly-brushes.

With this brief rest and shelter from the heat, these young heads recovered their balance; the excitement being over, they were astonished to find that they had just now been warriors, men who had killed other men.

One sailor, hearing a wounded Annamese crying out, not far off, went outside in search of him, carrying his own canteen to give the sufferer wine and water.

The conflagration of the village slowly sank; only here and there could be seen a red flame in the midst of the black ruins. Three or four houses had escaped. Two pagodas also remained standing; a pagoda nearest the fort, as it finished burning, suddenly sent out

a delightful fragrance of balm and incense.

And then, the sailors all deserted their bamboo roof; somewhat weary, it is true, and blinded with the light, they wander under this dangerous sun for hours, seeking out the wounded, giving them water and rice, making them more comfortable where they lie on the sand, lifting up their heads a little. They collect Chinese hats to cover the heads of the Annamese, and mats to make a little shelter for them against the sun's rays.

Whereat, these yellow men, who invent for their prisoners refinements of torture, gaze at our sailors with amazement and gratitude; with their poor, trembling hands they make the sign of thanks; and at last they dare utter the groans they had suppressed since morning, in order to appear to be dead—a singular, prolonged, nasal: "A-ah! a-ah!"

A universal quiet prevails. Yonder, near the great southern fort, where the final action took place, all is now still. The encampment of the commanding officer is there, and since no further firing is heard from there, evidently the day has officially terminated.

A few human heads now emerge from the lagoon, from beneath some old wrecked junk, looking out to see, before taking the risk, whether it is really true that the fighting has ceased; poor scared creatures, the last of the fugitives who have been hidden in the water since morning, and are nearly suffocated.

The heat is dull and stormy. The remote villages continue burning noiselessly. There is only, from time to time, some death-struggle of an Annamese, some single episode to break the tranquillity of the afternoon, the monotony of the sunshine.

A young soldier, whose breast has been pierced with a deep hole, is one of the first who dares to drag himself up to the camp of the "Atalante." Being told what has been done for others, he comes to beg a little rice.

Finally he stretches himself out at

the lieutenant's feet, feeling protected there, and determined not to go away.

Very tenderly and with great precaution he is carried away, however, and placed elsewhere, his wound being extremely repulsive.

No field-hospital, no "Geneva Cross," in Annam. This was all one could do for them—a little rice, a little cold water, a little shelter from the sun—and then leave them to die, turning the head away, not to see them.

Five o'clock.

A wounded man rose up suddenly, speaking very loud and in a prophetic tone, seeming to say to the French things which ought to be heard. Upon this, an interpreter was sent to him.

It was a last malediction against the military mandarins who had fled after having driven them to fight, and against the Spirits of the pagodas, who had not been able to protect them. Then the man added that the Spirits of the French were stronger than those of the Annamese, and ended by asking for a little wine and sugar.

He emptied the glass, waved his hands as if to make a last *chin-chin*, and fell back dead.

In spite of everything, one becomes hungry, and an effort has to be made to provide for dinner before night, which comes so suddenly in these countries.

Accordingly the "boys" from Saïgon are despatched to forage in the village, like bad little thieving foxes. In the twinkling of an eye they have discovered rice, plates and an iron pot; they have drawn fresh water, caught and plucked some chickens. Whatever is required of them comes, as if by enchantment, from their hands. Marvelous little servants, they even brought for the two officers fine blue hammocks of silky mesh, and these great gilded arm-chairs in which the two had, just at sunset, seated themselves, like sovereigns, going over in their tranquillized brain the whole series of the day's events.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

From The Cornhill Magazine.
JAMES PAYN.

James Payn was a man of many friends; and the secret of his attractiveness was not far to seek. A nature of singular kindness and of absolute transparency endeared him to many who knew him only upon paper, as well as to personal intimates. Even an old friend can say little which has not been divined by his readers. I, who knew him for some forty-five years, can do little more than confirm impressions already formed by less intimate acquaintances; nor can I boast of the talent which is required for good "reminiscences." Old incidents have become blended in my mind, and though they have left an indelible impression, can no longer be separated into distinct anecdotes. It happens, however, that I remember my first sight of Payn. In 1851-52, I was at the meeting of a little debating society of Cambridge undergraduates. We were discussing the ancient problem of the credibility of ghost stories. "It is all very well," said Payn, "but see if any one of you, waking at dead of night in the solitude of his room, will dare to summon himself by name three times in a loud voice." I have never dared to take up the challenge, though I do not know what was the inference which Payn took to be implied by such cowardice. That one little fragment of the old talk remains in my mind, and brings back a vivid picture of Payn as he then was. He had a unique position among his companions. He was no scholar in the Cambridge sense, and used language about Æschylus calculated to curdle the blood of a Greek professor. He was not a mathematician, though his remarkable talent for whist showed, I suppose, some power of calculation; nor could he challenge the respect even then conceded to athletes. He preferred humorously to exaggerate his own muscular defects. He brought back from a reading party in the Lakes a pun which charmed him: "The labor *is* delight in physics Payn," said his mountaineering friends, and he accepted the phrase as a motto. Yet

Payn was one of the most popular men of his day—with athletes, with scholars, and indeed with all sorts and conditions of men. There was, if my memory is not misled by a natural illusion, a brilliant circle of youths in the Cambridge of those days. Some gained distinction in later life; others, of fully equal ability, I think, failed from ill health or accident or other causes to become known to the world, and are now represented by fast fading memories in the minds of a few elderly gentlemen. It was characteristic of Payn that, though he was not a competitor for academical distinction, he made warm and enduring friendships with those who were most successful in that direction. He was already an author, which was a rare distinction among undergraduates. He had the most genuine delight in such literature as was really congenial to him; and his delight was as infectious as it was genuine.

It was a little later that Calverley set his famous examination paper in "Pickwick," but the Dickens worship which it indicated was already at its height. Payn could have won a high place in the Senate House if Pickwick had been studied in the place of the "Seven against Thebes." And then, if Payn's appreciation of literary excellence had its limits, he was the last man to object to the tastes of others. He was perhaps a little hurt when trained scholars waxed eloquent over the Greek dramatists; but, on the whole, he gave them credit for sincerity and even for superior insight. The one kind of person with whom he was altogether out of harmony was the prig; the man who admires, not what he really appreciates, but what he knows that he ought to appreciate. His literary hero-worship might verge too closely upon idolatry; but at least he never complicated idolatry by bigotry. He reminds me of what Thackeray says (very truly, I think) of Gay. All the great men of letters were "fond of honest Gay. . . . He laughs at you over his shoulder with an honest, boyish glee—an artless, sweet humor. He

was so kind, so gentle, so jocular, so delightfully brisk . . . that the Giants loved him." The "Giants" in the Cambridge days meant senior wranglers and mighty dons of Trinity. But in later days, they included the first men of letters of his time. Of Dickens, as all his readers know, he could never speak without reverent enthusiasm. There was an affinity between their ways of looking at life of which I need not here speak; and Dickens's cordial and generous ways had specially attracted Payn in their personal relations. No one was ever more grateful for kindness than Payn, and, if I could not quite share his estimate of Dickens's writings, it was always charming to note the glow of generous appreciation with which he spoke of the great object of his literary worship.

Payn often visited Cambridge after the close of his academical course, and kept up the old friendships. To us, the dons of that time, he came invested no doubt with some halo derived from his association with the great world of letters, which we revered in our hearts, though we professed to despise its want of scholarly refinement. I could mention more than one of those college chums to whom Payn's friendship was of real and lasting service; but I should have to speak of matters of too private an interest. When I myself came, some years later, to live in London, I found Payn settled as the father of a family, and devoting himself most energetically to the profession, of which he was as proud as it was thoroughly congenial to him. Circumstances brought us into closer connection as the years went by. I was a pert young reviewer in the earlier time, and I agreed with Payn that I should review his novels as they came out, on condition of saying (more or less) what I thought of them. I am afraid that I allowed a rather full play to my conscience; but Payn took all that I said with the most admirable good humor. Once only I hurt him by suggesting over-haste as an apology for some shortcoming. Whatever else might be his faults, he said, he always did his

best to turn out good work. I fully believe it. The work, too, was admirable of its kind; it was, of course, simple-minded; he neither knew nor cared for some modern canons of taste; he always wrote (which we now know to be wrong) with a strict regard to decency and morality; and his wicked heroes had a curious aptitude for getting wedged in hollow trees or starved at the bottom of Cornish mines. But, at any rate, there was always the simple, bright, shrewd, generous Payn of real life; the same man whom every one loved, and who has perhaps shown himself still more distinctly and agreeably in his recent contributions to the *Illustrated London News*. The many readers who have been charmed by those papers can infer what Payn's conversation was like. He was superlative as an anecdotist. Good stories seemed to have a natural instinct for resorting to him. Often as I used to see him, I always thought myself defrauded if I did not come away with some fresh and amusing narrative. On such occasions my family found me out and used to reproach me if I did not bring back some telling anecdote. It must clearly be my own fault. I was certainly not the rose, but I had been near the rose. Payn's fertility in this respect no doubt implied more study than might be obvious to his readers; he was fond of the literature in which such harvests are to be reaped and "crammed" (if I may say so) for his work conscientiously, though more, it seemed, from spontaneous delight in it than from deliberate purpose. And, then, the charm of his talk and his hearty sociability made it a duty for every one to help him and to repay him, as far as possible, in kind. The man bursting with a good story found a special pleasure in pouring it into so responsive an ear, and Payn became a perpetually flowing fountain of delightful talk.

Shrewd sense, as well as hearty enjoyment of the humorous, was implied in this talent; but I must speak of other qualities more lovable and admirable. Payn had never been a strong

man; and cruel disease gradually crippled him and finally confined him to his chair. He was for the last few years unable to walk, and, I fear, suffered much pain. A highly nervous temperament probably caused occasional fits of depression; and yet he was always so elastic that, after the necessary word or two upon his health, he invariably recovered his animation and seemed to be as lively as ever. Indeed, his vivacity was so indomitable as occasionally to lead his friends to doubt for the moment whether his illness could be as serious as it really was. He was so far from becoming querulous or ill-tempered that one went to his house, not as one goes to cheer an invalid, but with the hope, rarely falsified, of receiving cheer from him. He used often to thank me for a visit, and I never felt thanks to be less merited. Our talks were almost always cheerful, but the cheerfulness was most unmistakably due to the sick and suffering man. The most that I could claim for myself was to have given him an occasion for forgetting his pains in conversation. In such talks it was not simply the playfulness and humor, but the hearty kindness of the man which impressed me. Often as we met and freely as he talked, I never, I can most conscientiously say, heard him say an unkind thing. It was not that he was without prejudices; he had pretty strong ones, and some of them were of a kind which I took to imply want of appreciation. But he had not the slightest spice of malice or ill feeling. He disliked what he honestly, though it might be mistakenly, thought to imply harshness or injustice in others. Yet even in his prejudices so much good nature was implied that he could hardly have claimed to be a "good hater." He hated only so far as was necessary to resent unkindness, but was always glad to lapse into the more congenial frame of cordial good-will.

His last act of friendship to me was characteristic. He had slightly improved after the first attack of the illness under which he sank a month

later. He roused himself to send me a note—written with obvious difficulty—telling me of a remedy which had done him good, and which he fancied might be of some use to me in a trifling trouble. The poor little scrawl is to me a most pathetic memorial of one of Payn's charms of character. All through his long period of suffering he seemed to be overflowing with the desire of showing his gratitude to all who had been able to do him the slightest service. No one, indeed, at any time, could be more generous to the core. He was absolutely incapable of any petty jealousy—of the spirit which makes a man regard kindness as merely a proper tribute to his own merits, or refuses to admit merits which obscure his own. In that respect, at least, he was a model editor. He could, like other editors, make mistakes now and then; and was unique only in the frankness with which he admitted them. But no one could be more eager to recognize the merit of young and unknown authors, or more anxious to give them every possible advice and encouragement. Whatever Payn's own merits as an author, this at least may be said—that no one could more thoroughly embody the spirit of good feeling and cordial desire for helping each other which ought to be characteristic of what he always regarded as the most honorable of professions.

Many will remember him with kindness, and no one can have a word to say against him. To me the loss is irreparable; and I know not whether to feel humbled or gratified by the memory of the long years of intimate comradeship bestowed upon me by one so tender and so true.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

From Temple Bar.
BROTHER PAUL'S INTENTION.

(CONCLUDED.)
CHAPTER IV.

Those vintage days were glorious; the peasants were such a handsome, good-tempered, hard-working set of folks.

One man, beyond the rest, interested Claude. He was a tall, thin, wiry man, fair for a Tuscan, with what his friends called *white eyes*, which, in truth, were a full, deep grey.

He had served his time in the army, and had his medals for good service. He was the head of a family; that is, he had the two children and widow of his brother (who had been shot when serving in Africa) to support, as well as his old mother. The women spun flax in the winter, and worked in the fields in the summer when they could. But they could not earn much, for Antonia had been weak and ill ever since the birth of her last child a few months after her husband's death, and the old mother was almost past work.

Their home was exactly opposite Claude's rooms. Looking across, he could see into the rough, dark place from which the villa had taken the view, not only of the great valley, but of the sky and the sunshine.

He was the useful, active man of the village. "Getting old"—he said; in truth, about five-and-thirty, possessed of energy and a quick brain that wrapped his hard life in such very wonderful surroundings that the stern realities were lost to him in the beauty of the thoughts in which he lived. He was not a great talker, but a very persistent doer of any duty, pleasant or disagreeable, that came to hand.

His was a poverty that amazed Claude. He rarely possessed two shillings, although he worked so hard. He had two sets of clothes; blue linen trousers and striped red and blue shirts, and one old coat and a hat that had seen much service—but which to Claude was delicious in tone and form—pulled down on his high, narrow brow, pinched off at the side showing the beautiful ear, and bringing into relief the line of the head and the neat chin. It was a great, soft hat that shielded him from the sun, but in spite of it (except quite high on the forehead) he was tanned a lovely bronze olive, with scarcely a vestige of red in the whole ascetic face, except in the lips. He never wore boots, except on Sundays or feast days, yet he walked many

miles every day to fetch and carry for the neighbors and earn a few pence, or to sell garden produce. He was a capital salesman. Every one in Florence knew Maso. His voice was enough to distinguish him, though his song was only to extol his beautiful cherries, or apricots, mulberries, field salad, or roughly made slippers. During the vintage he rarely came to the city—he had the luxury of steady work for the five or six weeks of the wine-making. Claude had sketched him a dozen times, he was so picturesque.

But no matter what Claude did he was haunted by the voice and earnest face of Brother Paul. A great fight was going on in his soul, as to whether it would be right for him to steal time from his studies and Academy picture, to make an attempt at a reproduction of *Casaceleste's* great work.

"I don't see why I should—but again I don't see why I should not; everything is practice. I'll have a shot at it, if I can get a good photograph of it."

So early one morning he went into town, not only to buy the photograph, but to have what he called "a scamper" through the fine art and Uffizzi galleries, and revive the sweet impression of his favorite works. Almost all of them were religious. The wonderful gaunt, stiff, yet heavenly Botticellis, and Fra Angelicos, the Lippis, and that face for which he had such tender reverence, Leonardo's angel—the angel of the discovery of his genius.

Coming home, a break in the stone wall gave him a view of the distant mountains and a grand effect of light upon the bare rock which fired his imagination. He rested a moment to make notes of the wild beauty of the cedars, cypresses and flex, dotted against the bright, clear sky. The rest of the way his thoughts dwelt not only on the work of others—work accomplished—but that other delicious thing, that which was yet to come, his own and other men's—men he admired and hoped much from.

"By George!" he said to himself, trudging along in the dust, "what a time I am having—a perfect intoxication of

loveliness and opportunity! Inspiration in the very air itself, and pictures, ready-made, springing out of the common life!"

He could hardly eat or drink, though he was tired and exhausted. He had a great screen in his work-room, and on it he stretched his paper, anxious to put into form the ideas that had made his day so dull and exalting.

All day he worked. The design was there, the soft charcoal lent itself to his will, and the long, tedious studies at the Academy stood him in good stead. He was obliged to model as he went, and account for each undulation in the perfect human form. Ah! what a wild meditation it was that accompanied the work—skimming the necessities of art, and plunging to the depths of the soul—as far as may be permitted to a mere mortal painter to enter on such mysterious, holy ground. The various emotions which made up "the bundle of bitter herbs" affected him, and opened before him a spiritual experience to which he had hitherto been a stranger, and which now forced him to an intensity of realism that exhausted him, body, soul and heart, till he was nearly fainting with the effort to grasp, master and express the chaotic infinite that defied his power of definition.

His subject was the Passion. Behind the easel a big canvas loomed with a sketch of a crucifixion—begun for poor Brother Paul—in remembrance of Casaceleste's picture.

He was in a condition of spiritual excitement that made him blind and deaf to common wants and common thoughts, yet acutely alive to every sound or sight that could intensify emotion. A great flask of common wine stood on a small table in the corner; he poured some out, and held it to the light. It was a glowing ruby red.

"The life blood of the earth! drawn from her breast, hidden in beauty of form, color, fragrance—then crushed, changed—to live again and renew life, give strength, exaltation, vitality."

There was a subdued clamor in the street. A hurrying of feet broke upon his thoughts, an assembly of all the

villagers, with a strange suppression of voices.

"Well," he said to himself, putting down his glass—the weariness of over-exertion asserting itself—"I must leave it. To-morrow, I must *make* Maso leave his wine-tubs, and give me an hour or two, if no more. Fine head he has! If the Passion Play were given here, *he* would be the Christ; the long, pale, ascetic face, Nazarene beard, only too short. Cropping the hair so very close spoils him. To-morrow he shall sit for me. I must get the head in, before the design is stale."

There was a tramp of feet coming nearer; quite an unusual sound. The evening had closed in suddenly; it was too dark to see far down the road, but a lurid light touched the houses and was reflected from the glass windows of the room opposite, throwing round red spots of flame on to the white paper with the rough sketch.

Claude moved to the window to look out. Some women below were crying; little children, clinging to their skirts, seemed affected by a strange fear. Torches in the distance swayed with the movement of marching along.

"What an effect!" said Claude to himself, making a mental note of the scene.

"Here they come—Antonia! Tonina! Ninetta!" shouted the women below. "Your brother-in-law is at hand! See, the Misericordians are in the road—Maso will be here before the bed is laid open, or a pillow ready!"

There seemed to be no reply; but Claude could see by the faint light of an olive-oil lamp of classic shape that the room opposite his own was being made ready; he did not guess for what.

But the tramp came nearer—sixteen men, all marching in one slinging step, made a sound that echoed against those houses and sent dread into the heart. With curiosity very like anxiety Claude watched till they halted just beneath his window.

"Too narrow—the staircase!" said the captain.

"Try the window," proposed one of the men.

"Nay," said the captain, "the case-ment is far too small."

"He will not endure the agony of being touched."

The hood of the litter was lifted off, and the crowd pressed as near as the band of Misericordians around it would permit them to come. Looking down, Claude could see over their shoulders who it was that lay suffering in the litter.

It was the very man he had in his thoughts, and wished to compel to give him time and sympathy in his great work.

Maso the merry, contented, active, industrious; now, Maso the agonized, crushed—dying.

Suddenly the cry of a child—terrified—burst above the hubbub of voices speaking fast and low. A woman held a little boy in her arms, and lifted him so that he might look down on the prostrate man.

"Dost thou see, thou wicked, disobedient one?" she shouted, "dost thou see our Maso—hurt, dying—all through *thee?—thy fault—thy crime—thy disobedience?*"

At each point she gave the child a shake that hurt him, and his cry roused the wounded man, who just opened his eyes and gave a low moan.

"Hist!" said the doctor, "keep the child quiet. Do not add to his sufferings by your reproaches."

"Besides, it is unjust," said a tall Misericordian, who held a torch that showed the woman's angry face and the child's writhing figure; "probably he did not know what he was doing."

"Let him see *now*, then, and never, never forget the cost of his disobedience."

"Out of the way, there—back, back with you!"

The crowd was forced to make a larger ring, that the Misericordians might complete their mission, and carry poor Maso to his bed.

At the sight of the pale, agonized face the women burst into loud lamentations, and Claude witnessed a sight that affected his whole life.

And he heard exclamations he never forgot. "So good, he was—so kind!"

"Ah, it was a sweet end to a good life—to die for a little child!"

CHAPTER V.

"How did it happen?" asked Claude, getting into the road to inquire and sympathize.

"It was that plague of a child!" said Angela.

"The child ran out to the side of the gateway in the stone wall of the Villa Bianca, just as the ox-cart was going through, and the wheel would have crushed him, but Maso was near. He saw it, and reached over and picked him up," said a man.

"And was caught himself?" asked Claude.

"That was it."

"It need not have been," said Angela, who had been weeping, and now was angry and excited, though she was only a neighbor. "It was that fool of a Tonino, who saw Maso, and lurched his oxen the wrong way—so, just as Maso had picked up the boy, the wheel crushed himself against the wall—his ribs, his hip, his body."

"Dio Santo! it makes me tremble while I listen," said a man.

"Poor fellow—he seems to be terribly hurt!"

"The Brothers came out to fetch him to the hospital," explained Angela, "and the doctor also came, and they laid him in ice, just where he was placed when they lifted him from where he fell. Ah! had you seen him, caro Signore—if only you had seen him—it was touching! It was very terrible—he could not endure to be carried, so, in the *podere*, on the vine branches (the leaves were in heaps on the ground) they laid him, his poor blood staining them—their leaves so green—oh, it was pitiful, pitiful!"

"I wonder they did not take him to the hospital," said Claude; "there, at any rate, he would get surgical attention."

"He wanted to be left where he was, but that could not be. So the Misericordians brought him home—he does not know—he is unconscious, they say—and will never wake again in this world—"

Angela's tears broke up her sentences.

The Misericordians were gone; the

tramp of their feet was almost lost in the distance, though the light of their torches appeared from time to time as they reached corners of the descending, zigzag road. Claude watched them for some time from the wall of the garden under the cypresses. Then he went back to his room.

The road was quiet now, and dark.

The room opposite seemed full of light. It was a poor place—so very bare. Claude could see the bed, and the sufferer, a table with a white cloth on it, and some vine leaves and a crucifix, and candles in brass candlesticks.

Sounds of lamentation—in women's voices—came from the window from time to time.

Claude could not bear to listen, nor to watch—but a terrible fascination held him. His soul seemed caught up into the mysterious land where the experience of pain opens the way to thought and emotion hitherto unknown. He wanted to tear himself away, and get to bed; and presently he passed into the other room, and tried to sleep as usual, but it was of no use.

It was a wonderful night; he never quite understood or remembered what passed—whether sleeping and dreaming, or waking and watching, he witnessed certain events.

The stillness of the night was broken by the tinkling of a little bell; and a few men and women, half dressed, hurried into the street—all knew the meaning of the sound—a priest on his way to give the last sacraments to the dying.

Maso, then, was not dead.

Not dead, but dying; not unconscious, but in agony.

The voice of the priest praying, and the responses of the people kneeling below in the street, sounded wild and strange. Claude heard them, and did not understand.

But what Claude could see in that bare room filled his heart with such a pity that if sincere desire—even though too incoherent for words—he prayer, he prayed: prayed as he had never had occasion to pray before—for relief from pain for that unselfish sufferer.

He could see the priest's hand moving

to bless. He could see the sacred Host held high before those dying eyes—and then he could see another face, so full of light and sweet compassion—that he could not recognize it. What were features or individuality to him? It was a human soul he saw, mastering the veil of common existence, and shining with the passion of charity and devotion as though already it had gained the gate of heaven, and the divine light rested on it.

Yet that transfigured countenance was only the homely face of the poor, hard-working lay-brother—Brother Paul.

The minutes passed on. The commendatory prayer was over, the sufferer's face of agony, and yet of faith, aspiration, hope, lost all expression. Sensation seemed to be ebbing. As far as human eye could tell, merciful unconsciousness had bridged the chasm of painful death.

CHAPTER VI.

For many days Claude would see no one. Marietta was concerned. "He will not eat," she said, "he will not sleep. It is true that he is young, yet even the young cannot live without food and sleep."

He lived with his paint brushes in his hand, laboring away to realize his ideal of the pictures he had sketched in on that eventful day of his journey to Florence.

Even when the light failed, his big lamp was called into requisition. A consuming fever was upon him. He worked as if in a trance which had snatched him away from common wants, and made ordinary intercourse impossible for him.

At the end of a week or so (which had been passed almost fasting, mere bread and wine of the red, sour, thin sort the only sustenance he had been inclined to take), he was perceptibly thinner, his face all eyes. Marietta was seriously anxious about him, especially as he, who had always been cheerful and courteous, would not talk or listen, but was almost rough in his demand to be let alone; until one day, when Brother Paul was coming slowly down the street, starting for

the city on his usual round, Claude saw him, and called to him.

"Come up," he said, "I want to speak to you. I have something for your eyes."

The young man threw himself on the rush-seated settle, near the window, to watch the face of his critic as the old lay-brother stood before those two great canvases, the central figures of which were in, though the surroundings had yet to be worked out.

It seemed ages before the Brother spoke, but his face betrayed the emotion awakened, which at length made his eyes bright with the anguish of joyful tears.

"Carissimo mio," he said at length. "You have it, you have learnt it—how? When? Who shall say? Like Casaceleste, you have painted with your soul, with your heart, with the genius, inspiration, of grace! I—I know nothing of the art of painting, I am a poor creature, but I can feel. It is sublime! That life in death [pointing to the Crucifixion], that fortitude, yet fear [pointing to the Christ of the Passion], ah me! ah me! I feel my heart melting. The light of heaven itself is in that sorrowful face. It is a dream that only your good angel could reveal! Such a countenance, at once so human and divine! Not of this earth—ah, no, caro Signore; who in this sad world could ever be dignified with the light divine, except our blessed Lord Himself?"

"Surely, some of His friends," murmured Claude, as though dreaming.

When Brother Paul had left, Claude was conscious of extreme fatigue. The tension of the last four days relaxed, and he seemed to be very ill; though it really was only the exhaustion of the body, which had been so severely treated by his emotional soul.

Marietta was alarmed, and fetched Brother Paul in to see him, as he lay on his little bed, in a darkened room.

He did not know what to think of himself, he felt so ill; and all the world seemed so distant, so unimportant.

"Shall I die?" he asked Brother Paul, who came daily to see him.

"Caro mio, but you *have* died—died to

your old self; you have reached the land of the happy few who have eyes to see, ears to hear, and a heart to understand!"

"I am so tired!" said Claude, wearily.

"You must come out into the air and sunshine. Come to the garden. You have been too much alone. Come to the convent. Get back to your work, and put to good use the genius with which it has pleased the good God to endow you."

"Yes," said Claude, "I must go to work again. If one could but put on the canvas what one knows *ought* to be there, it would not be so hard."

"Pazienza!" said Brother Paul, with a kindly smile that reached the young painter's tired soul, it was so full of confidence, hope and sympathy.

CHAPTER VII.

Before many days had passed, Claude had changed his quarters, and was painting in the great chapter-room. Sympathetic companionship was thus given him, and, like the painters of old, he lived in very great simplicity, and earned his bread and lodging with his brush. Each member of the little community had a special devotion or idea, and was thankful to the painter for any sketch he could give them, if only it embodied their aspiration.

In the early spring a bitter disappointment and a great satisfaction came to him simultaneously. He sent his great picture of the Passion to London, together with studies made in the vineyards and the streets.

"Ah, yes!" said the great men (of the Gethsemane picture), "A very promising work, but there should have been more attention to details. This is not the Holy Land—far too verdant! Still, it is promising. But the studies—the studies are excellent!"

That was the disappointment, and the verdict came just when the painting of the Crucifixion (not a copy of Casaceleste's, but his own rendering of the terrible subject) had been formally installed in the large carved oak frame where once the old master's great work had been venerated.

In vain had Claude protested. "It is

not worthy! Each day I see some new defect—it is bad! If I could paint it again, it would be better—different!”

“As if a picture were the work of a day, and a magic wishing-wand!” said Brother Paul. “The Church is not a picture gallery, or art school—Heaven forbid!”

“Ah, it is not the technical part,” replied Claude. “The drawing is all right, I am pretty sure, and as for the painting, one never *does* get quite what one wants; but that doesn’t trouble me much. It is the whole picture! It lacks dignity, spirituality, perfection of beauty—it lacks *everything*—and yet in one way it has its merits; but it is not what I hoped for, what I meant, what it *might* be, if only I had the power to *do* what I *mean*!”

“But who has seen, *can* see, your dream? Happy you, to have an ideal so much greater than that with which we are so content!”

All the villagers flocked to see it, and from the country round, and the city itself, men of all classes came to look and admire.

“Well,” said Brother Paul, who was with Claude in the sacristy one day when quite a crowd of visitors had flocked into the usually desolate church; “now see for yourself. Was it devotion you wished to inspire—love to God and Our Blessed Lord—or admiration for your own skill and genius? Ah, they will not forget the young painter, never fear! But see for yourself if your object is not gained. Every look of sorrow in those faces, every tear that falls slowly from those eyes, is a witness to your success—what more do you need?”

Claude, though still dissatisfied, was consoled.

“That is your vocation,” said Brother Paul, rejoicing in the young painter’s triumph. “Anyone who can paint at all can paint a cup, a flask, a pretty woman or a tree; but it is a very special gift of the great God Himself to be able to touch the heart and awaken a divine sympathy. Dear young man! Dear friend of my heart, that treasure has been given to you!”

Claude looked up, and again saw the

light of enthusiasm in the worn, unselfish face of the poor lay-brother.

“If I have it,” he murmured low, “it is from you I gained it.”

“No, no!” replied Brother Paul, “not me; it is from the good God Himself. There are many gifts, but in all the same spirit!”

When Claude returned to Rome to complete his studies, his career was virtually determined. A strange contentment filled him. He went back to England, and met with a moderate success; but life in ordinary society hindered his work, so he established himself in a quiet suburb of Paris, and set to work on things that suited him—pictures for which, as Brother Paul had phrased it, he had a vocation.

And the great public responded to his touch, so that in a few years he was known as the best modern painter of religious subjects. Students flocked to him, and a little community sprang up round him. But Claude could not be a mere professor. He would give any help he could, but he must be free to devote his time and energy to his own work.

“I thought the time was past for this sort of thing,” said an American, who had made a point of seeing the studio as one of the sights of the art world. “‘Art for art’s sake’ is the doctrine of the day, not art for dogma, history or imagination. I see you lean to the traditions of the past, not the realism of the day.”

“Do I?” said Claude, amused at his visitor’s arrogance. “I have always tried to do my best to represent with absolute fidelity whatever comes to my brush.”

“You do! Well, you’re not singular. I once bought the most costly religious work that has been in the market for many a year—bought it, and paid six thousand dollars for it. That was realistic, if you please—a fine Crucifixion, with a body that you could swear you could lift from the cross. Yes! I bought that and gave it to a church that had been robbed—yes, sir, robbed of its art treasures. You may have heard of it; it’s down by Florence, and the story is

given in Murray. That's my card. It was I who gave the picture, Joshua B. Montgomery. If ever you're down that way you might look at it, and see what realism can do for religion."

"I am much interested to see you," said Claude.

"I like your heads," volunteered Mr. Montgomery, "and I like your brush; it's neat, but it's rather niggling. I like a broad effect—but, I say, what made you take to religious painting at this time of day?"

"Because it suits me."

"Inaugurating a new school?"

"Rather reviving an old one."

"It's to be hoped you will have students who will do as well as yourself. You have something in your work, just a *something*, I can't exactly explain it, but I see it—ethereal, you know—lofty. I wonder how you got it? It's not so realistic as some painters are, but—but I like it—yes, I like it; but how you get it passes me!"

"I saw a face transfigured once," said Claude slowly, as though paying a debt of honor; "I saw a soul shining so brightly with spiritual fervor, charity, compassion, that it made me feel of how little importance is the physical form compared with the spirit—that is all."

"Something, I guess, in your eyes as well?"

"Maybe?" said Claude to himself, though he only bowed to his visitor; but in reality he felt that it was mainly owing to Brother Paul's Intention.

MRS. W. S. BURTON.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

TWO RADICALS OF THE OLD SCHOOL.¹

Bentham was described by John Stuart Mill as one of the most seminal minds of his generation, and the truth of the remark has been exemplified by

¹ 1. "Autobiography and Letters of the Right Honorable J. A. Roebuck." By R. E. Leader. London, 1897.

2. "The Life of Francis Place." By Graham Wallas. London, 1898.

the recent publication of the biographies of two of his disciples, Francis Place and John Arthur Roebuck. Bentham died in the year of the first Reform Act, and of those who moved within his circle there can be no one living now; yet the echoes of his voice have not completely died away. He has been compared, indeed, to Samson, who perished in the wreck of the building he destroyed, but the influence that he once wielded is not even now entirely spent. It may, therefore, be found interesting to observe the operation of his influence over the lives of two men who were among his most notable disciples, to see his abstract principles thus embodied in the concrete, and to consider how far and why those principles have been rejected or approved by later generations.

Francis Place, the elder of the two disciples, died in 1854. More than forty years have therefore passed before any adequate account of this remarkable man has been given to the world. To many, to most perhaps, even his very name will be unknown; yet the story of his life is worth recording. His great collection of manuscripts, a veritable treasure-house of history, now in the British Museum, would alone have entitled him to be remembered by posterity. He was, to use an expression which Mr. Gladstone applied to the Earl of Aberdeen, one of the most suppressed characters in history; he kept himself as much as possible in the background, yet in all the political and social movements of his time he played a very influential part. He loved quiet power, which, it must be freely admitted, he used often for beneficial ends, and always with excellent intentions.

The story of his life may be very briefly told. Born in 1771, in the course of a long career he witnessed many changes. As a young man he felt the influence of the French Revolution, and of such books as Paine's "Rights of Man" and Godwin's "Political Justice;" in middle life he became a devoted admirer and disciple of Bentham and

James Mill; he played an active part in the events which secured the passing of the Reform Act; he helped to start the Chartist movement, and saw its perversion and collapse; he witnessed the abolition of the Corn Laws. No one could have begun life under less auspicious circumstances than this unprepossessing-looking person, with his short, thick-set figure, his sallow skin, his black hair and bushy beard and whiskers, who lived to associate with some of the most powerful thinkers of his day, and whom members of Parliament and Cabinet ministers were not above consulting. The son of a brutal father, who was turnkey of a debtors' prison in the vicinity of Drury Lane, he received a wretched education, and when quite a youth was apprenticed to a leather-breeches maker. In this trade, from strikes and other causes, he suffered great privations, and though a strong constitution enabled him to survive them, the iron entered into his soul in a way that he was never able to forget. But from the first he had an ardent love of learning, and by dint of great industry and a naturally vigorous understanding, he contrived to teach himself an amount of knowledge which, all things considered, was amazing. It was during this early period of his life that he began to show his natural bent to political organization, by actively engaging in the meetings and discussions of one of the first of working men's political associations, the London Corresponding Society, an association which was suspected of treasonable practices, and gave rise to some famous state-trials. But Place did not neglect his trade: he made leather-breeches well, as he did everything else to which he turned his hand; and in 1790 he had enterprise enough to open a shop for himself at Charing Cross. So well did it succeed, that in twenty years he was able to leave it with a fortune. Rarely has a man so completely surmounted the bar of circumstance.

In 1807 he made his first appearance as an active electioneering politician. The constituency of Westminster,

within which Place resided, had, for those days, an unusually democratic basis; it was a "scot and lot" borough, where every rate-payer had a vote. Then it was that Place taught the voters to form committees and to organize; and he succeeded in securing the return of Sir Francis Burdett, "Westminster's Pride," as he afterwards was called, one of the first thorough-going Radicals who entered the House of Commons. This was by no means the least of Place's achievements, for he set the fashion of that systematic organization of the voters which both parties now consider indispensable. He is in the main responsible for what may be called, in general terms, the introduction of the caucus-methods into English politics, and he might not unfairly be described as the lineal ancestor of the National Liberal Federation. At any rate, for many a year in Westminster politics the influence of Place was very great; "such influence," to use Sir Samuel Romilly's words, "as almost to determine the elections for Members of Parliament." That was certainly an extraordinary feat for a leather-breeches maker, who had become a master-tailor.

Soon afterwards there occurred what may be called the intellectual crisis of his life. In 1808 he was introduced to James Mill, and through him, in 1812, to Bentham. With both writers his friendship became intimate and lasting; they taught him their philosophy, and he, an excellent man of business, in return performed for them many a useful service, and brought them into closer contact with the world, with which, living, as they did, the contemplative life, they might have failed to keep in touch. The picture is a curious one: the tailor, on his way to leave a parcel at a customer's, calling at Queen's Square Place where the philosopher resided; or again, at Ford Abbey, the splendid mansion which Bentham rented for a time, the philosopher, with his long, white hair hanging down his shoulders, either writing in his library or "circumgyrating" round the

garden; while James Mill was putting his children through a course of rigorous instruction, and Place was walking round the park with a Latin grammar, or some work on economics, in his hand. Never, surely, did any country-house shelter such a devoted band of students. The affectionate terms in which Place and Bentham lived together may be gathered from their letters: "My dear old father," and "Dear good boy," were the terms in which they addressed one another.

It was rather later, in 1824, that Roebuck, then a young man fresh from Canada, became acquainted with the Mills and so through them with Place and Bentham, both of whom admired his youthful ardor and saw in him the making of a valuable recruit. By this time Place's position in the world was fairly well established, and he was enabled to carry out the main objects of his life. What then were his principles of action, and what did he accomplish? His activities found a vent in many different channels. As a practical politician, as a propagandist of the Benthamite principles of government, as a political economist, as an active participator in almost all educational and other social movements—in all these ways he made his influence strongly felt. He refused to enter Parliament, but he had much to do with getting other persons there, and still more with their conduct when they got there. In his house at Charing Cross he formed a very useful and interesting library of books and pamphlets on political and economic subjects; and the Civic Palace, as it was called, became a kind of rendezvous for members of Parliament and others who wished to prosecute inquiries, or to consult the owner, whose practical acquaintance with the facts of life among the working-classes was certainly unrivalled. No one knew better the current of events, or how to turn that current in the direction he desired. The way, for instance, in which at the time of the reform agitation he managed to control the more violent section of the demagogues, and to prevent the

Duke of Wellington from forming a government, by causing a dread of a run for gold upon the Bank of England, was masterly in the extreme. Though he had a contempt for Parliament, which he spoke of as "rascally" and as an "atrocious assembly," he wielded, by his influence over individual members, an authority there almost as great as if he had been actually present in his own person. The case of Joseph Hume, that indefatigable denouncer of extravagance, who made himself a kind of self-appointed auditor of the national accounts, is typical. He owed everything to the political tutelage of Place, to whom, in 1812, he was introduced by James Mill. This is what, some years afterwards, the tutor said about his pupil: "Mill fixed him upon me some twenty-five years since. I found him devoid of information, dull and selfish. Our intimacy brought obloquy upon us both, to which he was nearly as callous as I was. He was taunted with the 'tailor, his master,' without whom he could do nothing. I was scoffed at as a fool for spending time uselessly upon 'Old Joe,' upon the 'apothecary.' Hume showed his capabilities and his imperturbable perseverance which have beaten down all opposition." But this parliamentary tuition was not the limit of Place's practical activities; in the repeal of the Combination of Laws, in the reform agitation, in the drafting of the People's Charter, in the establishment of popular schools, in the abolition of the newspaper stamp, he played a leading part. As a thinker he was not so much original as a disseminator of other men's ideas. He was, however, a great collector of statistics, which served him well in his study of political economy, though even here he was little more than an ardent follower of Malthus. He had no natural literary gift, though his pamphlets and journalistic articles were written in a terse and vigorous style. Again, no one did so much to introduce the thoughts of the Benthamite philosophers to the masses of the English reading public; he reprinted cheap editions of some of James Mill's

most striking articles, and, in particular, the famous article on Government, which originally appeared in the supplement to "The Encyclopædia Britannica." He also brought out, with the assistance of Wooler (a now forgotten personage, but one notorious as the editor of *The Black Dwarf*), Bentham's plan of Parliamentary Reform in the shape of a catechism. It is, indeed, not too much to say that if it had not been for Place, the enunciation of the Benthamite principles of government would have failed to some extent for want of a proper publication. *The Westminster Review*, which was established in 1824, was an admirable organ of philosophic Radicalism, but it appealed only to a very limited class of educated persons.

The Right Honorable John Arthur Roebuck was thirty years younger than Place, and, living until 1879, he may be said to have almost linked together the beginning of the century and the end. He stood, at any rate, between a former and a later age, "giving a hand to each." To have talked with Roebuck was to have talked with one who was intimate with Bentham, who had been an Oxford undergraduate when George the Third ascended the throne. The chief incidents in his life may be very briefly told; for though he made a larger figure in public than Place, his actual accomplishments were not so great, nor his influence so deep and wide. He was taken to Canada when a child, but returned to England in 1824, with nothing in his pocket, but with a high-hearted resolve to make his own way in the world. Coming to London, he was introduced by Peacock to John Stuart Mill, who, as Peacock said, belonged "to a disquisition set of young men." Very naturally he attended the debates of the Utilitarian Society which John Stuart Mill had founded, and which met at Bentham's house. In this way he became acquainted with Bentham himself, and the other members of his circle, among them Francis Place. It is no wonder that the impressionable young man, thrown among surroundings such as

these, became an extreme Radical. In 1832 he entered Parliament, where he soon made himself notorious by his assaults upon the Whig government, for which he expressed supreme contempt. Though insignificant in stature, and though his voice was harsh and shrill, he won the attention of the House by the violence of his language. Even Disraeli, who did not care to waste his epigrams, taunted him with his "Sadlers Wells sarcasms," and his "melodramatic malignity." Outside the House his energy was not in the least abated, and in 1835, with a view to a contest over the question of the newspaper stamp, he established his "Pamphlets for the People," which were so extreme that even Grote, sound Radical though he was, refused to identify himself with such "ultra and shocking reforms," or to give the project his support. These tracts, in which appeared some of Place's most characteristic work, and republications of some of James Mill's articles in the *Westminster Review*, had a wide circulation and produced a great effect. Of the Chartist movement, in its inception, Roebuck was the most earnest parliamentary advocate; and he also pleaded the cause of popular education, and of self-government for the colonies. But his mental infirmities and caprices went far to ruin his career; and Bentham prophesied truly when he said that his temper would do him more harm than his intellect would do him good. With his fellow Radicals, both in and out of Parliament, he was frequently at issue. With Grote he quarrelled; from John Stuart Mill he was estranged for nearly a life-time; Joseph Hume he stigmatized as obstinate or silly; and Cobden he called "a poor creature," overborne by Bright, "the pugnacious peace-talking Friend;" a remark which recalls to mind the saying that Bright must have been a prize-fighter if he had not been a Quaker. But this constant recrimination was more than even Roebuck, who gave as much as, and sometimes more than, he got, was able to endure. "I am," he said, "heartily sick of my friends. My

opponents I expected would abuse me, but I have ever found that the most bitter of all my violent abusers were my intimate friends." As time went on, he, like so many other men of his stamp, recanted many of his earlier opinions. Speaking in 1869 of the Radicals he said, "Of these I was one, but I have seen the error of my ways." Again, with reference to the extension of the suffrage he remarked: "The hopes of my youth and manhood are destroyed, and I am left to reconstruct my political philosophy." So too of the House of Lords, which he had formerly described as consisting of "a few ignorant, irresponsible, interested peers," he admitted that when a youth he could not see "the great advantage which now, I think, arises from the existence of that assembly." But though change of circumstances might, to some extent, account for Roebuck's changes of opinion, he never attained to the *mitis sapientia* of age; he retained to the last much of that cynical asperity and habit of ill-considered censure, which was so strongly characteristic of the Philosophic Radicals among whom his early life was cast. As Kinglake said, "he appointed himself to the office of public accuser."

Place, the self-made working-man, the sturdy and consistent Radical, and Roebuck, the brilliant but wayward parliamentary orator, though very different men, were both Radicals of a class that has long since passed away. They had a common tie that brought them closely into contact: they both drank from the same source of inspiration, the Benthamite philosophy; and it is in their relation to the remarkable group of men who taught that philosophy, and did so much to mould contemporary thought, that they will most interest succeeding generations. Who then were the Benthamites, the Philosophic Radicals, or Utilitarians, of whose principles Place and Roebuck were the living and active incarnation and embodiment?

In a letter written in 1802 to his friend Dumont, we find Bentham naively asking, "Benthamite! what sort

of animal is that? I can't find any such word in the dictionary." That Bentham should have felt surprise at the existence of the word was natural enough; for, so far as he was concerned, there was never any oral teaching, nor any esoteric school that hung upon his lips. His influence was entirely derived from the publication of his writings, and he thus obtained an audience fit though few. He rarely invited more than a single guest at a time to dine with him, and he conversed for relaxation merely. Sometimes, indeed, a person who wanted to consult him would not await an invitation; as was once the case with Brougham, who wrote him the following extraordinary note: "Grandpapa, I want some pap; I will come for it at your dinner-hour." That Bentham never formed a school, in the proper sense of the term, is expressly stated by James Mill. "It is also," he said, "a matter of fact that until within a very few years of the death of Mr. Bentham, the men of any pretension to letters who shared his intimacy, and saw enough of him to have the opportunity of learning much from his lips, were, in number, two." These two were Mill himself, whom Bentham called his spiritual son, and Dumont, who deemed Bentham's work of such immense importance to the world that he devoted a life-time to making it known to the French-speaking world.

It was in 1808 that James Mill was introduced to Bentham, who then was sixty ears of age and only in the beginning of his fame, so far as England was concerned. The friendship of the two men was very close, and Mill and his family were sometimes the guests of Bentham at his country residences, Barrow Green House or Ford Abbey, for many months together. Though Mill was a vigorous and independent thinker, he accepted Bentham's doctrines in the main, and made them known among his own admirers, such as Ricardo, Grote and Place. Thus Mill became a kind of living bridge between the reclusive philosopher and the world, and in no other sense than that of ac-

cepting the philosophy of Bentham was there any such thing as a school of Benthamites at all. It would, indeed, be much more true to say that a school was formed by Mill, who, by his earnestness and dialectical skill, obtained an extraordinary ascendancy over the minds of the young men who came to hear him. Of Mill in this capacity Grote has drawn for us an admirable picture: "His unpremeditated oral exposition was hardly less effective than his prepared work with his pen. . . . Conversation with him was not merely instructive, but provocative to the dormant intelligence. Of all persons whom we have known, Mr. James Mill was the one who stood least remote from the lofty Platonic ideal of Dialectic—'τοῦ δίδόναι καὶ δέχεσθαι λόγον' [the giving and receiving of reasons]—competent alike to examine others, or to be examined by them on philosophy." It is therefore to James Mill that the gradual formation of the group of thinkers known as Benthamites must be ascribed. After the year 1824, when John Stuart Mill began to introduce his own friends into the circle, it underwent a change; for the younger men, especially John Stuart Mill himself, whom Mrs. Grote spoke of as "that wayward intellectual delty," upon some questions did not hesitate to take up an independent standpoint. The very word Utilitarian, which gradually came into use to designate the Philosophic Radicals, was applied by John Stuart Mill himself. Nevertheless, Bentham was the sun around which the other constellations clustered.

Such then were the Benthamites. But what were the essential characteristics of that philosophy which so deeply tinged contemporary thought, so captivated men like Place and Roebuck, and was the strongest influence, of a purely speculative kind, which has ever been brought to bear on English politics? The range of that philosophy, including, as it did, politics and morals, political economy, metaphysics and analytic psychology, was very wide; but there is only one branch

of it, that dealing with the principles of government, that is relevant to the subject of this essay. This is not the place to enter into a discussion of Benthamism generally; its ethical basis of self-interest; its dry and dusty method of rigorous analysis; its pitiless exposure of many fondly cherished fallacies; its war upon the feelings and emotions; its purging language, as it was said, of the affections of the soul; its stoical indifference to all pleasures but that derived from the approbation of the conscience; and the curious mixture in its professors of narrow class-prejudice with limitless philanthropy. But upon the Benthamite principles of government a few words may be said, because it was upon those principles that Place and Roebuck, and all the thinking Radicals of the earlier portion of the century, were nourished. To understand those principles, in their essential elements, and to apprehend the manner in which they were disseminated, is to see how widely the Radicalism of that time differs from the Radicalism of our own.

The growth of Radicalism in Bentham's mind has a very curious history. Beginning life as a Tory, and an admirer of the English Constitution as the perfection of human wisdom, he gradually worked his way to the principle of Utility, or that of the greatest happiness of the greatest number. In 1776 he published his "Fragment on Government," in which he showed that the Constitution was not so perfect as was commonly supposed. The work was admired by those few who had the intelligence to appreciate its merits, and he owed to it his friendship with Lord Shelburne. But to Bentham's great astonishment and chagrin, it was utterly neglected by those who were in power. In 1828 he published a second edition with a lengthy introduction, which is one of the most curious and interesting bits of autobiography in literature. It would appear that Bentham's Radicalism was in no small degree due to personal causes, to slights, either real or imaginary, which he received from eminent lawyers

whom he met when Shelburne's guest at Bowood; and he tells us that by 1822 he had arrived at the conclusion that the English governing class deliberately maintained abuses out of purely selfish interests; that, in a word, he had discovered the principle of self-preference in government. In brief, that principle may be described as follows: that the only security for good government lies in an identity of interest in the governors and the governed. It was this principle that James Mill took and worked out in detail with extraordinary skill. As a reasoner upon the ultimate principles of government, indeed, Mill was much superior to Bentham, who excelled in quite another field; and it is to Mill that the first definite exposition of Philosophic Radicalism must be ascribed. His famous article on Government, written in 1820 for the Supplement of "The Encyclopaedia Britannica," and afterwards reprinted by his friends, and his still more famous article which appeared in the first number of the *Westminster Review*, in 1824—an article which he considered to be the greatest blow ever struck for Radicalism—contained the kernel of his teaching. Starting from the premise that self-love is paramount in politics, he argued that there could be no security for good government without an identity of interest in the governors and the governed; that there could be no such identity except in a democracy; and that the English government, in particular, was nothing but an oligarchy whose interest it was to oppress the lower classes. Upon the aristocracy, who filled the House of Lords and who, at that time, were the patrons of two-thirds of the seats in the House of Commons, with its two props, as he called them, of the Church of England and the lawyers, he waged unrelenting war. Such were the principles which Place and Roebuck adopted and believed in with all their heart and soul; and it is only by bearing this in mind that the asperity, not to say ferocity, of their attacks upon the aristocracy and the landlords, and all that tended to support them,

can be faintly understood. That aristocracy was to the Philosophic Radicals, who stepped forward as apostles or crusaders, what Carthage was to Rome.

A moment's reflection will discover a wide difference between the Radicalism of Place and Roebuck and that which is in vogue to-day. In the first place, any discussion upon the ultimate principles of government would excite but very little interest in these days, and it is difficult to realize the excitement which was formerly aroused by the brilliant sparring between James Mill on the one side and Macaulay and Mackintosh on the other. It was well remarked by Burke that a propensity to resort to theories of government was a sure sign of an ill-conducted State; and it is a certain proof of the progress of the people that any such discussion as that on the identity of interest in the governors and the governed would be thought now entirely futile. In these days men prefer to discuss individual measures on the more limited, and perhaps more useful, ground of practical expediency. Secondly, since Mill wrote, the world has enlarged its experience. It has, in fact, discovered that monarchs and aristocracies have often acted, and do constantly act, in the interests of the governed; that identity of interest in the governors and the governed is not necessarily a security for good government at all; that the governed do not always know their true interest, nor pursue it when they know it. James Mill's reasoning was, as has been shown by later thinkers, one-sided and misleading, and both his premises and deductions were far too absolute in character. It is true that in his days the state of the mass of the people was very bad: there were scarcity and poverty, ignorance and leaden-eyed despair; and the governing classes did not always consider the best interests of the people. But the world possesses now an experience of democracy and representative government which it was impossible for Mill to have; and it is no exaggeration to say that, out of England, the represent-

ative system has proved itself but very moderately successful. For extravagance and corruption, some modern democracies have been as bad as any oligarchy ever was. A democratic form of government demands more courage, integrity and intelligence than Place and Roebuck ever dreamed of. But if the matter of the doctrines of Radicalism has changed, much more so has the manner of their teaching. In this age of easy tolerance it is difficult to realize the violence of the language in which the Radicals indulged towards the Whigs and Tories, and even towards one another. Some excuse may, indeed, be found for men who were looked upon as Ishmaelites, and were disowned by their aristocratic friends; but it was a weakness from which the best were not exempt. James Mill's asperity and anger towards the governing classes was such as to astonish even the indulgence of his friends. Bentham described his Radicalism as arising rather from his hatred of the few than his love of the many; and Grote said that he had "a scorn and hatred of the ruling classes which amounted to positive fanaticism." Roebuck said even worse; that he was "a severe democrat in words" who "bowed down to wealth and position." The Benthamites, in short, were still living in an age when a certain ferocity in politics had not entirely died away. In the time of the Tudors or the Stuarts, a man who took a strong line in politics ran some danger of a State-trial, the Tower and the scaffold. Of a later age Macaulay said that it was as dangerous to be a Whig as to be a highwayman. By degrees the ferocity was mitigated, but it still lingered up to the time of the first Reform Bill.

In one very important way the old school of Radicals differed from the new; for, whereas they then strove to strike off the fetters, unnaturally imposed, which clogged the energies and industry of the individual person, they now tend more and more to invoke the interference of the State. Of this fact, whatever view may be taken of it, the

lives of Place and Roebuck are a striking illustration. They were both of them sturdy individualists. From his own personal experience, Place was perfectly acquainted with the conditions of the lives of the mass of the laboring population; yet he never falsely flattered them, nor weakly implored the protection of the State. "All legislative interference," he said, "must be pernicious. Men must be left to themselves to make their own bargains; the law must compel the observation of compacts, the fulfilment of contracts. There it should end. . . . No restrictive laws should exist. Every one should be at liberty to make his own bargain in the best way he can." And a similar spirit animated Roebuck: "The plain fact is," he said, "we meddle too much with one another." Though, for instance, he believed that it was the duty of the State to educate the people, he thought that in the matter of religious instruction allowance should be made for differences of opinion: "So believing," he said, "I shall certainly support every plan for the education of the people by the State which does not interfere with the religious feelings and opinions of the parents and guardians of the children to be educated." In the same spirit he attacked the extreme temperance and Sabbatarian parties; he called them "canting hypocrites," and "two muddy streams," which, after running some distance side by side, "had at last united their waters, and now they formed one foaming, muddy river, which it was difficult to stem, and very disagreeable to see and smell." That seems strong language to employ, but he believed that the temperance and Sabbatarian advocates would deprive the working classes of those enjoyments which the rich would be permitted to retain. His attitude on the question was, at any rate, characteristic of the man. No Radical now has the earnest faith with which Place and Roebuck were inspired, or if he has, he does not show it. The old Radicalism was easy to define; it could almost be reduced to a syllogism; to

say in a few words what modern Radicalism means would be a task beyond the wit of man.

C. B. ROYLANCE-KENT.

From Longman's Magazine.
UNTRODDEN WAYS.

There is a tract of country in the far west of England which to me will always be Arcadia, its river "sandy Ladon," its mountains "old Lycaeus and Cyllene hoar," though they bear far other names in the last Ordnance map. It is indeed a unique land—unique in its wild life, in its inhabitants, in its old-world houses and the old-world furniture in them. And its interests are inexhaustible. Some quaint saying, some word obsolete in less conservative districts, some strange superstition which still holds its grip upon the people, some snatch of an old ballad, some archaic implement of husbandry long since superseded in an outside world of high farming and neat hedges—such things as these are forever being discovered as we go in and out among its little home-steads, echoes of vanished centuries vibrating still for those who love to bless ages past, and are not at all desirous of ages to come.

It is a land of hills, of small fields with tall hedges, a land of oaks—I hardly remember one elm, that stately weed of a neighboring county—a land of streams and little woods, a land of small farms and old farm-houses with deep stone porches under which men sit in the summer eventide, wearied with the day's work, and speculate, unwearied, on the work of the morrow. At its lowest elevation it is five hundred feet above sea level, and from thence slopes up another four hundred feet, and sinks into a narrow valley watered by a bright little brook, and then ascends once more, covered by small fields and dotted with lonely white houses, to the long line of the Black Mountains which here form the barrier between England and Wales. And to the fact that it is a portion of the Marches, the border-land of the West

with a stirring historical past, not inferior in interest to the past of the Scotch border, and only lacking its great minstrel to make it famous, the district owes at least some of its charm. But although a Scott may seem needed to immortalize this borderland, it is yet Wordsworth that we read here and not Scott. Wordsworth strikes its true keynote, and reveals to us its deepest charms. Armor does not gleam, plumes do not wave before our mind's eye, as we wander over these lonely hills; the little river—

No longer mail-clad warriors ride
Along its wild and willowed shore.

The immediate scene, the hills, woods, sky, the thin smoke from cottage chimneys, the sad, still music of humanity, and in some moods outward things alone—

No need of a remoter charm
By thoughts supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.

And this was my feeling when I last visited Arcadia. For it was May, and in May we need only to *see*; we have no time to think. All months in the year supply materials for studies in human or in antiquarian interests, for dreamings over a great past, but there is one month in the year when nature imperatively demands all our eyes and ears—May with its life and stir, its glow of resurrection, its lengthening days which are yet not half long enough for all there is to see, its thousand nameless charms, its surprises, its hopefulness, its prodigal growth of flowers and grass, its eager haste, its joyfulness, its songs—each day something new, as old as the spring, perhaps, and yet new to-day, something that was not there yesterday—a bird, a flower, a fern unfolding its green coils, a butterfly, a bird's nest, a bird's song. There is no monotony in joyful May, and in May let us visit Arcadia. Imprison some of its gladness, make that gladness, that freshness, our own: lay it by in store for days when leaves are faded, nests deserted—*vacue sedes et inania arcana*—for cloudy and dark days.

In recalling May in this pleasant wil-

derness, birds seem to be the most pervading of all living things, and because there is no rookery within many miles, we hear their songs to great advantage. For rooks do not love the hard, unbreakable oak twigs, and place none of their communities among those trees. No loud, harsh, yet pleasant cawings drown the voices of the more delicate songsters. Rooks are not on our list of Arcadian birds.

And indeed the vacancies in that list are not the least remarkable part of it. We have many birds which are really rare in other districts, but one or two exceedingly common ones are altogether or almost unknown here: the brown bunting and the skylark, for examples. By the brook we miss the gaudy kingfisher and the little brown sedge warbler, but we have sandpipers, rare in many districts, singing their wild, sweet songs as they flit low over the meadows by the babbling stream; and water-ousels are there too, curtsying on the great boulders, and uttering that monotonous *chac, chac, chac* which in May seems to take the place of their winter song.

In the many little woods, the ripples or brakes of these western counties, we find that the three charming warblers, the *Phylloscopi* of the learned, are really numerous, although in the open spaces by the brookside we are little aware of their existence. The first to arrive is the chiffchaff, whose two notes are familiar to us all. The willow wren follows with its thin and but little varied song, ending, however, in a *diminuendo* which is really beautiful—"the dying fall" of which Mr. Burroughs writes so happily. The wood wren is the last of the three cousins to arrive, but it is the most numerous of the three. It has two curiously distinct songs, the first a *tee, twee, twee*, going off into a trill, easy, laughing, joyous, says White of Selborne, with his rare knack of description; the other a monotonous yet musical whistle on one note, repeated rapidly five or six times. And still lingering among the warblers, we have the white-throat singing and flitting upwards from every green budding hedge, and from one corner of the wood comes the hurrying

chatter of the so-called garden warbler. But we must go there to seek it; we shall not hear it singing from every tree as do the three *Phylloscopi*. More numerous than the garden warbler is the lesser whitethroat. Its song begins with a *chippa, chippa, chippa*, the trill or shake of the bird books, and runs on into a strain which can only be likened to the notes of a blackcap sung *sotto voce*. But the blackcap is a more brilliant songster than any of those yet mentioned. It plays on the *vox jubilante* stop, lively, brilliant, joyous. When White of Selborne heard its song a hundred years ago it brought to his mind the wild bird's merry note of "As You Like It," and it is still unchanged, still wild, still jubilant for us as it was for him; age cannot stale its infinite beauty. Even a bird's song may link us to the past.

That shrubbery where the blackcap sings is a very paradise of birds. There, any May morning, we can hear the wood wren, willow wren, chiffchaff, tomtit, blackbird, garden warbler, redstart, missel thrush, robin, perhaps see a nuthatch fly across with its harsh, resonant notes preceding it, hear from the near wood the bubbling cry of the wryneck, or the strange shivering sound made by the spotted woodpecker. But this woodpecker is rare here, while its cheerful cousin with the garnet head is delightfully common. Aggressive missel thrushes have driven the song thrushes to the extreme edges of the shrubbery, and we miss their melody; but the song of the missel thrush has its admirers. The strain somewhat resembles that of a blackbird, but, while a blackbird plays on that boxwood flute beloved by us all, the missel thrush grates on a scannel pipe of wretched straw, from which it can get no tone, no richness, no effect.

And this year, although beyond its limits, a nightingale is singing in Arcadia—singing among some underwood by the side of a little stream nine hundred and forty-eight feet above sea level, and yet warm because sheltered and sunny. This bird's song has been, we are told, overpraised, but again and again, after listening to a whole chorus of summer songsters, that music has burst on my ear, easy, careless, and yet

so finished, and all other songs have become poor, lacking that something which places it above all bird music. Milton, with his curious accuracy and felicity of word, has best described it: "Those liquid notes that close the eye of day." Its liquidity, if one may use the word, is unequalled among bird voices; and the sudden silences, flashes of silence, amid the thick fast warble are quite mysterious in their charm.

The place of the skylark in our May chorus is taken by the tree pipit, a bird with some lark-like notes and a lark-like love of ascending towards the sky. There is an oak tree standing in a waste of green mowing grass—green we call it, but it is spangled over with white daisies, shaded over with brown plantain blooms—an oak tree, black branches, green boughs, against a waste of blue, through which swifts scream with all summer in their notes. Whenever I pass that tree in May, I seem to hear the brilliant notes of a tree pipit—notes which remind us now of a caged canary, and now of a wild soaring lark—and to see him singing from the highest bough or soaring still higher in the air and dropping back with wings extended to his perch, somewhat as does a lark when he nears his home upon the ground.

The long May days are indeed not half long enough for all there is to see and hear. Leaving the stream and the more cultivated fields there is that sea of yellow gorse on the airy uplands, where the whinchats are singing their queer, unfinished little songs. Their patchy harlequin plumage fades among the brilliant yellow around, and they are as little observable as if they wore the dull-est of all bird liveries. In the corner of one of these gorse fields by a little rill on May 3d and 4th of this year I heard a grasshopper warbler, but it was heard there no more, and was, I fear, only resting before going on to some more favorite haunt. In another such field the nightjar had arrived by May 11th. As I go past, a pair of them rise unwillingly from the bare baked earth between the bushes and flit sullenly away with silent, owl-like flight, only to sink down into the nearest patch of gorse, disgusted

with sunlight and disturbance. But they do not confine themselves to gorse fields. Another pair frequent an idyllic wood called Pont-y-kefel, and there, on a tall oak, one sits in its longitudinal fashion and *schirrs* almost before the sun has gone down and far into the night with none to fray it away.

Descending into the green valley below this hilly ground, other and stranger birds are to be seen. Here come the beautiful curlews, birds which of late years have been much increasing in numbers. In May they are very tame, allowing us to come within a few yards of them, and uttering only a little contented sound, which is very different from the July call-note when the young birds are about. I have not yet made out if the golden plovers, sometimes shot with the grouse in August, are birds migrating from some northern latitude, or if they have nested here. For the mountain is wide, and although I know that blackcock and ring ouzels are found in the sheltered dingles, and wheatears by hundreds on the open wastes, we may walk there for a long hour and see no birds at all. But the stillness of the mountain side—"the silence that is among the hills"—is very striking. No sound but the wind that tore the bent and whistled through the stunted gorse, and from far away faint echoes of bird songs, which we had left behind among green hedges and shady trees—this is the recollection which we bring away after a mountain walk. And after a stretch of these steep wastes, covered now with brown grass and gorse, which delays to clothe itself in its golden raiment, the greenness of the valley below, watered as it is by the streams that run among the hills, is almost startling. Half an hour before it had seemed but an ordinary view; now the green is vivid, the whitewashed lonely houses dazzling, the very sky more blue than its wont to eyes which have been gazing on almost colorless wastes.

Birds naturally fill much of our thoughts in an Arcadian May because their songs are seldom out of our ears; but the infinite splendors of the silent flowers and of the trees with the tender

bloom of spring upon them may well rival the birds' music. The white stellaria is the most common and the most showy of our spring flowers; and with forget-me-nots it makes a beautiful table decoration, and, like the forget-me-not, expands and grows or at least strengthens in water, and lasts well when picked. The stellaria is the flower of the hedgerows. Dense masses of it cover the dryer banks throughout May, and towards the end of the month the grand fool's parsley is decorating the damper hedges, sometimes overtopping the lower ones, so rank, so luxuriant is its glad growth. Then come the beautiful pink campion, spikes of yellow archangel, large dog violets, rich gold suns of the dandelion, which has much ado to push upward amid so many taller things, buttercups, golden broom, dyer's green weed with its yellow leaves, but the flowers are not yet out, purple and pink vetches, marguerites—but why go on? I picked twenty different flowers in a few yards of hedgerow bank this May in Arcadia.

These are the flowers of the hedgerows; but no less varied is the growth of the woods. There the open spaces are blue with wild hyacinths. Pick one of these, and it has no perceptible smell; but when the wind blows over a bed of them, it gathers up a delightful fragrance which is quite perceptible in the mass. Dog's mercury is a somewhat aggressively pervading woodland plant, but it leaves room for ferns, for pink campions, lowly bugles, nettles (even nettles are dear to us in spring), yellow archangel, a few stellarias, though they love the sun, trails of woodbine, of wild roses, and below all the little mosses which smell so sweet after a shower—of some such things as these is the carpet of the woods composed. The meadows have a carpet of another pattern. At the beginning of the month they are spangled over with cowslips, and cowslips are always favorite flowers. They grow so sturdily erect on their straight stalks, they need nothing for their support or for their shelter; children have loved them ever since there were children and cowslips on this earth. And then Shakespeare must have held them

in the hand which held the immortal pen; must have picked them in the fields by Stratford, and one day, in idleness, perhaps, he counted the five red spots in their cups, and "cinque spotted like the crimson drops 't the cowslip" was ready when he needed it.

And yet after all, beautiful as is May with its wealth of resurrecting life, its birds' songs, its little flowers uplifting glad heads towards the sunlight, it is the human interest of my Arcadia which makes it unique; and here Wordsworth helps us. At first, it may be, with us as with him, these shepherds, dwellers in the valley and along the bleak mountain side, were

Loved, not verily
For their own sakes, but for the fields
and hills
Which are their occupation and abode.

But we look deeper and we see what he taught us to see in an extreme form in the "Old Cumberland Beggar" and in "Resolution and Independence," how poverty may become dignified, almost stately; may be beautified, raised, under wide skies and amid green fields; poverty without the degradation, the blank unloveliness, which seem to be its inseparable portion in great cities.

In a former paper on this district I spoke of an old man whom I then called Thomas. That was indeed a name "fantastic, insubstantial, like Henry Pimpernel or old John Naps of Greece," but the man was no phantom. But, alas, he who had looked back into the past so often at our questioning, he who had revived for us the Arcadia of our grandfathers, can tell us no more now. Once he told us how a little boy, seventy years before, had been sent out to do his first day's work. He went to it gayly as boys will—went gayly into that penal servitude for life. He had to drive the oxen to the plough, great tall creatures who looked down contemptuously on the little atom of humanity who was to guide them. "I was that little, they wouldn't mind me," he said; and they, having taken his small measure, got promptly into the "clover patch" instead of to the plough. After

vain efforts to resume authority, the eight-year-old laborer sat down and cried. It was the first act in the life work of nearly eighty years. Through those long years he worked on, uncomplaining as the tired horse in the furrow; and one day came a stroke. No more reminiscences now, for he was speechless. One evening a few weeks later, the neighbors, always good to him as country folks are to each other, left him sitting by the low fire; an hour after, when they wended their slow way to him again, he was stretched on the floor by the threshold, dead.

Thus died old Thomas, as many another has died. Decades of hard work had brought him no easier lot, no easier end. The fell sergeant had left him, indeed, but little time between his long life of work and the last arrest; little time for pining restlessness, and that perhaps was much. He had always seemed to me to be a type of the best Arcadian of seventy years ago: of poverty ennobled. Upright, sober, dignified, *seva indignatio* never tore his heart, although his lot might seem, if a man's life consist in the things he possesses, hardly better than that of the oxen he had driven to the plough. His theology? It was very simple. "If the Lord do send nothing to prevent" was often in his mouth; and if he had no vivid spiritual experiences, he had a remarkable sense of right and wrong, and even of what was fitting. One day he told us of a man who kept a few beagles which he hunted with—a scratch pack belonging to some squireen of bygone days. His wife objected on the score of expense: "Why not keep a pig?" she asked, "'twould be of some use." Lowering his voice as he told this part of the story, he almost whispered, "I don't like to use the word as he did, but 'twas summat worst than, 'Drat the woman! I can't hunt with a pig!'"

Each of these lonely, pathetic old houses seems to bear about it the dignity of some sorrow, the crook in the lot. Here is a farm for which I might take Wordsworth's picture of a Cumberland homestead word for word—the grey stone walls, the house which seems rather to have grown than to have been

erected, to have risen by an instinct of its own out of the native rock, its wildness, its beauty—all is as he has drawn it for us. An old widower lives here, a trim, fresh figure dressed in homespun, in blue stockings—his grandfather might have worn just such a suit. He and his sleek, well-to-do cat are the only occupants of the house now, but it is as bright and clean as in days when his wife used to bustle about in it. "It was uncommon lone," he said at intervals; and his conscientious neatness seemed a daily offering to her memory: all must be as she left it. He opened a chest of drawers and showed us her last piece of work—a patchwork quilt. "And that's her box of patterns," and as he displayed the poor pieces of colored stuffs, carefully laid up by her for the work she had never finished, he gave a little laugh to relieve the over-fraught heart, a laugh of something between pleasure and pain. "It is lone here," came like the refrain of some old ballad, and all his thoughts seemed running back to her. Without a word he presently went upstairs and brought down her "death card" as he called it, showing it with modest pride and with tears. As we passed out there was the stone bench to see, a bench which his own hands had put up for her, and where she used to sit and sew and watch his comings and goings. Flowers bloomed all around it; a peony with twenty "bosses" on it was among them. It was all so beautiful; the flowers, the tender remembrances, the ready utterance. Truly, simplicity has not yet spread its holy wings and altogether left the earth. It lives yet in Arcadia if there is no room for it in crowded ways.

Then, a little onward, we come to another picturesque old stone house, its big kitchen cool and dark as we enter it from out of the May sunshine. But the old farmer is blind. "It was very daunting," he said in his patient voice, "for he used to like to go up the hill and see the blows (the flowers). May and June were the finest months in the year, he did think." His farm is close to the old ruined chapel of an alien

priory, dismantled as long ago as the reign of Edward II., but the spirits of inhabitants long passed from earth hover around it still. "Did you ever see any ghosts there, Mr. Beaven?" "No," said doubtfully; but he did believe as there was them who could see them and them as could not see them. He did believe things *were* seen in the abbey—for so it is still proudly called—folks had said as they had seen them, however. What were they like? Like large ladies, he did suppose. Nor need this surprise us, although the priory was one of monks and had "ten choir brothers and three brothers who were priests," this little lodge in the wilderness. For perhaps the monks when they revisit the glimpses of the moon may look like "large ladies" to mortal eyes unaccustomed to the habits of the old religious. While this psychical conversation went on, a bright little damsel had been moving about the great kitchen, had brought in wood to the fire, had hung a black kettle over it on a veritable pothook and hanger, and had set out tea on the long oak table. All around were remnants of old times—a sword with which Mr. Beaven's father had armed himself against the First Napoleon, when all England was arming against him who never came, oak chests, oak chairs, oak settle, brass candlesticks, treasures which would make all Wardour Street clap its hands for joy. But the poor owner of these things could see them no more, nor the hills, nor the flowers and the sunshine which he loved. The infinite sadness of it, I think, as I look back at the old house, at the resting horses in the field turning patient heads to see when their unrewarded toil begins again, at the old dog, half blind, toothless, coming slowly through the yard; the infinite sadness even under a blue sky, the May sunshine all around. . . .

Many minor interests crowd to our mind as we recall these old houses, the lives lived in these untrodden ways. The curious links with a vanished past, the possibilities of hitching on to that past as we cannot do in crowded

streets where man must be up to date if he is to be anything—these things make the district and its inhabitants altogether *sui generis*. For railways bring the world near to most country places; here we have no railways within measurable distance, and here we find the England of a hundred years ago, indeed the England of more years ago even than that, in full swing to-day. Many of the little cottages are hereditary holdings with tenures which have a medieval aspect, and which are indeed relics of feudality. Here men are content to see a paper once a week or not at all; here they take their time from a walking postman, and if they miss him in devious field ways, they "set the clock by aim" and are content. The very farm implements are those of a bygone world. Threshing machines do indeed make their slow rounds from farm to farm, but the monotonous thud of the flail is to be heard yet in still autumn days, when the gossamers float from the hedges; and in the illustrated edition of Green's "History of the English People" is a woodcut from an illumination of the middle fourteenth century which might be a drawing of a two-wheeled cart here known as a "gambo;" while for the likeness of the "wheelcar," used for hauling brushwood and light timber, and two-wheeled like the gambo, we may look successfully in Anglo-Saxon manuscripts.

It is a fallacy to suppose that schools and schoolmasters are driving out the remnants of Tudor English which remain in country places. Schools and schoolmasters have very little hold on the childish mind when school hours are over—"there's comfort yet"—and as we go in and out among these old homesteads we come upon many a word which when found in Shakespeare is rudely classed by annotators as "obsolete." I might fill many lines with a list of such words, but a few examples will suffice.

Instead of "he owns it," "he do owe it" or "he owes it" is in common use here; and we shall all remember without any prompting:—

Nor poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet
sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday.

"Afeard" again is universal; and it may safely be said that in nine cases out of ten Shakespeare uses this form of the word instead of the now usual "afraid." "I'd as lief be wooed of a snail," says the charming Rosalind in "As You Like It," of the tardy Orlando; and "I'd as lief" or "I'd liefer" is heard here on every hand. The verb "to pleach" is in common use, and it recalls such beautiful things:—

The pleached bower
Where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter,

and "the thick pleach'd alley in my orchard" of Claudio, or the "canopied with bowers" of "Twelfth Night." Pleaching hedges is one form of its use; but "to be pleached" is a sort of Arcadian slang for "getting married," as the phrase here goes.

A curious word is "fenege," which I cannot help believing is Shakespeare's "renege," for we are but little particular as to the sound of a letter or so in Arcadia. To fenege, for your more sweet understanding, reader, is to give up doing something which has been promised; "he fenege'd to go" means that he broke his engagement to go; and though Knight's "Shakespeare" tells us that to renege is to deny, there would be little difficulty, in the well-known passage in "King Lear," in making the word mean exactly what fenege expresses with us:—

Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon
beaks
With every gale and vary of their mas-
ters.

Turning to "Henry IV.," Falstaff asks, "Shall the blessed son of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries?" Mouching, a form of the same word, is used for playing truant from school; while blackberries, known too often to village pedagogues as the innocent

cause of the mouching, are mouchers too. To be "pretty sprag" or "sprack," is to be pretty well, lively; and young William blundering over his accidence in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," "is a good sprag memory." Then the little beds before the cottages, so bright with red marjoram and honesty and a hundred old-fashioned things, are "flower knots;" and the gardener in "Richard II." speaks of England's

Fruit trees all unprun'd, her hedges
ruin'd,
Her knots disordered;

and there is the "curious knotted garden" of "Love's Labor's Lost."

Other old words crowd to my remembrance. Spenser's "snaggy oak" is here a "stoggle oak;" a wet or muddy place is a "slough," recalling Bunyan's "Slough of Despond;" and a boggy place is, appropriately enough, a soke. A little rippling stream has the pretty name of "prill;" a long, narrow wood is a "langet," "slinget," or "linget." And is not "boosey" an unusual word, in agriculture at least? The lettings, here called "settings" or "takings," are at Candlemas; and the outgoing tenant may keep his outbuildings and one or more pastures, called the "boosey" pastures, until May to feed his cattle. A "boosey" is also the name for the manger in the "beast-house," another delightful old word which is found in sixteenth-century writers, and nowhere else—except in Arcadia.

But not to weary my readers, although the list of these words is by no means exhausted, let me tell of but one more word and one old custom linked to it. To the little whitewashed church of the district, gleaming from among dark yew trees, village mourners still go dutifully a month after a funeral to keep what they call "the month's end" or "the month's mind." Julia, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," says "I see you have a month's mind to them;" and perhaps few readers of Shakespeare dream that the custom to which she refers and the name are still living amongst us.

I spoke of this as a wilderness, thinly people, and with but few houses, and they far apart. But a friend corrected me when I made this statement as to its loneliness, telling me that, if we listen to the stories told by the few inhabitants, we shall believe that every lane, wood and dingle is haunted by presences, seen or unseen—unseen, indeed, by all “morning children,” for it is only the fortunate ones who begin their earthly career before midnight who have the seeing eye, the hearing ear, for the sights and sounds fantastical which exist even when neither seen nor heard. And the scenery lends itself to phantasy—quiet hills, lonely ways, deserted houses with their own pathos, old footpaths across the upland:—

Seest thou the little path

That winds about the fernie brae?

It is the road to bonnie elfland,

Where thou and I this night maun gae.

Phantasy is all around us; the names are full of phantasy. There, in the sheltered hollow, is the “Pwca farm,” the farm of the elves; “Hobie Lane,” the lane of the hobgoblin, leads to it; and the will-o'-the-wisp is the “hobie lantern” still. Exceedingly mysterious, too, is the sound, as of wind, which is heard among the mountains when the air is still and calm, and which surely foretells a storm. It is known as the “Hiren,” a word of which I can give no explanation, unless it is the name of some spirit of the hills.

Sounds play as large a part in the legends of this country-side as do appearances. There is a tumulus below the mountain, of unknown age and revealing tokens of having been used as a burying-place at many different times, known as “Twm-y-beddau,” the hill of graves. Charcoal and ashes, bones inclosed in rough stone chambers, a celt, some flint flakes, pieces of iron, a small coin of the Lower Roman Empire, have come to light here; and here, so the country people will tell you, the rushing of horses may be heard at mirk midnight, “hoofs thick

beating” on the hollow hill, sounds of a long-lost battle echoing on through the years in fields where once it was fought.

There are two sets of superstitions here, if I may so speak: those of the hill country—i.e., the little fringe of fields clinging to the edge of the wild hills—and these are the most picturesque; and those of the low country around the hills. But one superstition, peculiar to the month of May, is common to both districts. Over many a cottage door you see a neatly cut cross, St. Andrew's or Latin, of birch wood, or in some cases a bunch of birch twigs only. If you ask the meaning thereof, you will be told that they are put up upon May Eve “to keep off the witches;” also that they may be taken down at any time during the month, although they generally remain up until the following spring. “I might pull them down now if I'd a mind,” said one old dame to me on May 15, with a glad confidence in their efficacy being established, in the potent charm having done its work. But if I proceed to ask what witches may be, and why the house needs protection against them, I shall hear no more; neither, when sheep die on the mountain, and the men say gravely, “’Tis the planets, I suppose,” can I ever learn what this planet stroke may mean.

I am often struck with the similarity between the superstitions of this western border and the northern one. As an illustration, one out of many which might be given, let me return to one of old Thomas's reminiscences. There was a farmer, when he was a lad, who used to go out coursing, a diversion which was more common then than now. One of the boys who worked on the farm could always start a hare for him when no one else could. Other boys might beat the bushes in vain, but Will could always find for them. “But the curious thing was that they never killed the hare as that boy started. Once a greyhound ran a hare very near, and I suppose the boy called out, ‘Run, granny, or the dog'll have you!’ and she wasn't caught that time neither.

They did say his granny was a witch and the boy did know where she was hid in the bush." Now the counterpart of this story appears in the notes to the Ettrick Shepherd's Poems. A boy there offers to start a hare if the sportsmen will give him a guinea and the black greyhound to hold. The guinea was paid and a hare started, but the hounds were baffled and gave up the chase, when one of the party suddenly cut the leash which held the black greyhound. At this mischance the boy lost all caution and all recollection, and cried out, "Huy, mither, rin! hay, rin, ye auld witch, if ever ye ran i' your life! rin, mither, rin!"

The witch stories are mostly told in the low country, while on the hillside fancy takes a bolder flight, and we hear of phantom fires, great black dogs, mad swine, ghosts "booming" on the mountain. Some bold unbelievers do exist among us certainly. There is old Charlotte, whose mother was said to be a witch, and she has a word to say about the appearances at the ruined abbey in the valley. She had seen none of them, and wasn't afraid to pass it at any time of day or night. She knows there is nothing worse than herself there. But as a rule these superstitions have a real hold on the people. We hear of them from strong, stalwart men, shrewd enough in things of this world, and as we hear we seem to be in a land of dreams, of visions, far back in other centuries. What can we say, what think, confronted with this perpetual problem—common sense and almost childish hallucinations, combined not in an individual, but in a whole race? Have they all eaten on the insane root that takes the reason prisoner? Is it a form of mental disease? Is this what must become of our dreams and of our visions? "Ye inexplicable, half-understood appearances," says Charles Lamb, "why comes in reason to tear away the preternatural mist, bright or gloomy, that enshrouded you?" and we are half unwilling to endeavor to account for what so links us to the minds of other days;

half unwilling to allow that they are unreal, phantastical.

H. C. TROLLOPE.

From The Spectator.

ARE THE AMERICANS ANGLO-SAXONS?

There is no error more vulgar than that which declares that the people of the United States have no right to the barbarous but useful term, "Anglo-Saxon." We are told, for example, that what little Englishry they once possessed has long ago been bred out of them by foreign intermixture, and that the new American is a compound of a hundred races with hardly a dash of the true English-speaking strain. A more preposterous notion was never put forth by those who are induced by a muddy mixture of pride and ignorance to retaliate for American rudeness and boorishness in the past by British rudeness and boorishness in the present. Fortunately these extreme anti-Americans are few and significant of little; but nevertheless a considerable section of "the better-vulgar" are apt to take up and believe the statement that the Americans have to a large extent ceased to possess the right to call themselves the most numerous branch of the Anglo-Saxon race. Let us for a moment examine the facts. To begin with, we must say that we shall not attempt to argue the matter with ethnographical precision. All that we want to assert, and that we can assert with perfect equanimity, is that the American people are as Anglo-Saxon as the British people. That is enough, and more than enough, to smash the argument that the people of this country have no concern with America owing to recent changes in its population. The Anglo-Saxons of the British Isles, or, to be more correct, the English-speakers of the British Isles, are made up of English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh. Three of these divisions are, of course, not Anglo-Saxons; but if

they are rightly to be counted as Anglo-Saxons here, they must be rightly counted Anglo-Saxons in America. No doubt enormous numbers of true foreigners have come into the United States, but so they have into the United Kingdom, and considering how small was our population when the first Flemings landed, and afterwards when the French and German Protestant refugees arrived, we cannot claim any very great immunity from foreign intermixture. At any rate, in America the great mass of the population is composed of natural English-speakers—i.e., of men who belong to the races to whom English has become the natural tongue. We should greatly doubt if more than eighteen per cent. of the population was of foreign or of unmixed foreign origin—using that term, of course, to mean people who did not naturally speak English.

But though a study of the census returns shows clearly and decidedly enough that the Americans are not foreigners, there is a far more satisfactory way of proving that fact. The *ethos*, *morale* and natural characteristics of the Republic are distinctly Anglo-Saxon—quite as distinctly as are those of the United Kingdom. The best way of determining the distinguishing characteristics of a nation are to observe (1) the men who rule it, lead it and represent it, (2) its religious proclivities, (3) the system of law under which it lives, (4) its literature. Now, we claim that in all these respects America is overwhelmingly Anglo-Saxon. Take the names of the men who have ruled America in the past and who rule her now. Every one of them has the true English ring. Are not Washington, Lincoln, Garfield, English names? Take the names of the presidents from the foundation of the Republic—Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Adams, Jackson. They are quite as English as those of our own premiers. In the whole list the only name which is not English, or Scotch, or Irish is Van Buren, a Knickerbocker from New York. But no one seriously puts Van Buren among

the great men of the Republic. This is ancient history? Not a bit of it. Look at the men who rule America to-day. The President is Mr. McKinley, the Vice-President is Mr. Hobart. The Secretary of State was Mr. Sherman, and is Mr. Day. The Secretary of the Treasury is Mr. Gage. The Secretaries of War and of the Navy are Mr. Alger and Mr. Long. The Secretary of the Interior is Mr. Cornelius Bliss. But it is not necessary to go on; not a single member of the Cabinet has a foreign name. If we consider the question of religion, we shall at once have to admit that the religious complexion of America is distinctly and intensely Anglo-Saxon—too Anglo-Saxon, assert many of the religious critics. Look next at American law. Throughout the Union the common law of England is the law of the land. In only one State, Louisiana, its principles do not hold; and as our legal readers will remember, that great jurist, Chief Justice Marshall, laid it down that the common law of England is part of the law of the United States. The courts of Michigan are more Anglo-Saxon than those of Edinburgh. Lastly, the literature of America is distinctly Anglo-Saxon. What could be more Anglo-Saxon or more "right English" than Fenimore Cooper, Longfellow, Lowell? The statement is as true of the living as of the dead. Howells, for example, in spite of his literary system, is intensely Anglo-Saxon in feeling. It is, however, not necessary to labor the point. As Carlyle said, we are all subjects of King Shakespeare. As long as the Americans acknowledge that allegiance, and in truth none could be more loyal, there can be no doubt as to their Englishry. It takes an Anglo-Saxon—i. e., one who has been brought up to speak English from a child and whose father and mother thought in English—to appreciate Shakespeare properly. The Germans may write far more learned treatises on Shakespeare's use of the infinitive than we do or can, and may seize a dozen new points in Hamlet's soul, but they do not appreciate the poet as does the true

Anglo-Saxon. Only an American or an Englishman can read "Henry IV." and "Henry V." and feel the blood tingling in his veins or his sides shaking with laughter. That is our history, our poetry, our life, and no other race can understand it and love it as we do. At this very moment it is an American editor and American publishers, Mr. Furness and Messrs. Lippincott (good Anglo-Saxon names both), who are publishing the most exhaustive collection of Shakespeare's plays ever given to the world.

A word remains to be said on another point. We are all very anxious just now, and rightly anxious, to declare that our fellow-subjects in the Colonies are, as citizens of the British Empire, full partakers with us in our great heritage. But if we consider all the white, self-governing peoples of the British Empire as one, our population becomes perhaps less purely Anglo-Saxon than that of America. If we throw in the French Canadians and the Cape Dutch, as well as all the Germans that have settled in our Colonies, the population of the Empire will show a very strong foreign element. We do not deplore the fact, but rather rejoice in it, for as long as our governing force, our religious impulse, our law and our literature remain Anglo-Saxon, the mixture does good, not harm. Still, the fact is worth noting. Those who try to draw an ethnological indictment against the United States will find that it will come home to roost when they consider the Anglo-Saxondom of the British Empire.

From The Saturday Review.
THE THREATENED REVOLUTION IN
SPAIN.

Anyone who was acquainted with Spain and the Spanish character might have foreseen the turn events have taken. Procrastination is a vice of the Peninsula, and the indolence from which it springs is deeply rooted in the national character. America, it was

generally argued a few weeks ago, was absolutely unprepared for a war, whereas Spain had been waging war in Cuba for a long time past, had a large seasoned army there, and moreover maintained a fair navy, which not a few preferred to that of her antagonist. This, as we pointed out last week, was to take no account of the fatal indolence and corruption of the Spaniards. The guns, the batteries, and every other preparation for war, would, we predicted, be found wanting when the hour of trial came. Nay, more; the Spanish gunners would be found untrained to handle their guns, as their naval officers are unequal to handling their ships.

The slight artillery duel off Matanzas, to which we alluded last week, was just sufficient to indicate the Spanish gunners' lamentable incompetence. The engagement at Cavite, where Commodore Dewey's cruisers destroyed in four hours the Spanish fleet in the Philippines under the guns of the forts, comes to enforce our argument. The mines and torpedoes which ought to have been and were declared to have been prepared to meet the advent of an enemy did not exist. As early as March 14th this was perfectly well known to the Spanish naval commander in the Philippines. His letter of that date, read by a Carlist deputy in the Cortes on May 4th, is sufficiently explicit. "There are no preparations for laying down torpedoes and the gun-cotton is spoiled. Therefore Manila will perish without being able to strike a blow in defence." And again in the same letter he remarks with fatal prescience, "Manila is undefended, and in case of war is at the mercy of the enemy's fleet."

In the face of this, Señor Sagasta on the same day, May 4th, tells the Central News correspondent that nothing is wrong with the defences of the Philippines. Manila, he says, is well defended by batteries armed with modern guns, and there are plenty of skilled gunners. Alas! If eloquent and confident words were eight-inch guns, Señor Sagasta might hope to be believed; but guns are only to be purchased for money, and skilled gunners are the out-

come of careful practice, and we are more than doubtful if these conditions of purchase and practice have been fulfilled in Cuba, or even in Spain, much less in distant Manila. The Spanish politician's habit of supplying the cheap substitute of confident assurances and patriotic sentiments, in place of going to the expense of buying guns, training gunners, and in short making actual preparations for defence, has led to the collapse in the Philippines, and will lead to the inevitable collapse in Cuba.

It has furthermore led to an outburst of natural indignation at Madrid and throughout the Peninsula, which will most probably overturn the present ministry, and will, it is to be feared, endanger the dynasty, a result which is a much more serious matter.

It was an easy task for Señor Salmeron, the eloquent Republican senator, to insist upon the responsibility of the government for the want of foresight and preparation which led to the disaster at Manila. He might have added that the same want of foresight and preparation have marked and mark the rule of the present government in Cuba and Puerto Rico. More than this. The same absence of forethought and want of a proper sense of responsibility characterized the sway of the preceding Conservative government, and Spaniards who look at the facts from a national rather than a party standpoint will realize that there is not a jot of difference between the culpability of the Conservative government and the culpability of the Liberal.

What direction, then, will be taken by the popular indignation, which is not only deep but reasonable, when the termination of the war gives the opportunity of calling to account those whose supine and corrupt administration has made disaster inevitable? The danger is that popular indignation will fail to realize that it is not the admirable queen regent, that it is not the young king, who are in any way accountable.

The situation is complicated by the immediate pressure of the rise in the price of the necessaries of life, especially of bread, on the poorest classes of

the population. Heavy taxation, for which the mismanagement of the finances in general, and of the expenditure in Cuba in particular, is responsible, has for years weighed hard on the people of Spain, and the great rise in the price of corn and flour has already eventuated in bread riots, which are both serious and widespread. The poverty in which a large part of the population habitually live is such that the present high price of bread means hunger if not downright starvation over a wide area.

In the towns of Catalonia, where Socialism is strongest, and in other cities of the eastern and southern provinces, there are ominous signs of widespread economic discontent. Work in the manufacturing centres is at a standstill owing to the price of coal, while corn is being exported to France to meet the demand there.

The question is, What will be the effect of this widespread political and economic discontent? Its immediate effect will, no doubt, be to force the government, sooner than they otherwise would, to appeal to the European Powers to obtain for Spain the best terms of peace they can from the United States. Possibly one more effort may be made by the combined Spanish fleet, when the ships from Cape Verde have been reinforced by the squadron at Cadiz. In this case the national pride might be soothed by a more equal contest than was possible at Cavite, where the small and antiquated wooden cruisers of Spain had to meet the big armor-protected cruisers of America, with a result which—in spite of stubborn Spanish bravery—was, of course, inevitable. This would, no doubt, give some chance to the dynasty, if not to the present government.

The present government, indeed, will probably in any case have to give way to a government formed under military dictation, though as yet the enthusiasm for General Weyler shows no sign of developing into a pronunciamiento. But, when the close of the war gives free scope to the national indignation at the feebleness of the national defence

and the consequent loss of Cuba (and possibly of the Philippines), what will be the fate of the dynasty?

The dynasty is in no danger, we think, from the Republicans, who are disorganized, discredited and without a leader. The real danger is from the old Carlist party, who are still strong, not only in the Basque provinces, but in the eastern provinces of Spain. Don Carlos himself is a formidable factor in the situation. His fine physical presence, the appeal which his legitimist descent makes to the old Carlist sentiment and to the clerical influence throughout the Peninsula, count for much. His personal character is only too likely to be forgotten. The disgraceful story of General Boet and of the breaking up and selling of the Golden Fleece is old history, and his adherents blandly forget that his military prowess in the Carlist war was, by all accounts at the time, mainly shown by looting in the camp and love-making with the daughters of his officers, while their fathers were at the front fighting for this worthy representative of hereditary right.

Still Don Carlos undoubtedly assumes to the Spaniard a striking and picturesque aspect, and if the wealth that was left him by the Comte de Chambord is still intact (a rather improbable conjecture), he would have a weapon to his hand always sufficiently useful in the politics of the Peninsula.

Don Carlos has been appealing skillfully enough to the national pride ever since war became imminent; and the active policy which he advocates of attacking and invading America does not seem so foolish and impracticable to the Spaniard, who has no clear idea of the wealth and power of the United States, as it does to us in England. When we remember that General Weyler himself advocates a similar policy, and professes himself eager to carry it out, the ignorance of the bulk of the nation may be understood.

It may be hoped, however, that the display of a little more fighting ability by Spain in the immediate future may pave the way for European interven-

tion, an intervention which should insist on the cession of Cuba without the payment of an indemnity, and the maintenance of Spanish sovereignty in the Philippines.

America entered on the war with the distinct statement that it was not to be waged for purposes of self-aggrandizement, but simply to procure the retirement of Spain from Cuba. If there were in the United States a kindly and upright Anglo-Saxon sympathy with the oppressed behind the noisy and ill-mannered method of intervention actually adopted (though we are inclined to throw doubt on this altruistic feeling), we might hope that, when America has freed the Cubans from Spanish control, she will be satisfied with this achievement, and will acknowledge the independence of the island. This independence the insurgents by their courage and their sufferings have fully earned, and this independence the high and statesmanlike qualifications of their leaders will enable them to use wisely and well. It would be worthy, too, of a Republic that professes a mission of liberty and progress, if it restored to Spain, without waiting for European representations, the property of Spain in the Philippines, which America has of course no reason to covet, and could not with justice retain.

From The London Times.

LIVING AND DYING NATIONS.

You may roughly divide the nations of the world as the living and the dying. On one side you have great countries of enormous power growing in power every year, growing in wealth, growing in dominion, growing in the perfection of their organization. Railways have given to them the power to concentrate upon any one point the whole military force of their population and to assemble armies of a magnitude and power never dreamt of in the generations that have gone by.

The Marquis of Salisbury, in an Address before the Primrose League, May 4.

Science has placed in the hands of those armies weapons ever growing in their efficacy of destruction, and, therefore, adding to the power—fearfully to the power—of those who have the opportunity of using them. By the side of these splendid organizations, of which nothing seems to diminish the forces and which present rival claims which the future may only be able by a bloody arbitrament to adjust—by the side of these there are a number of communities which I can only describe as dying, though the epithet applies to them of course in very different degrees and with a very different amount of certain application. They are mainly communities that are not Christian, but I regret to say that is not exclusively the case; and in these states disorganization and decay are advancing almost as fast as concentration and increasing power are advancing in the living nations that stand beside them. Decade after decade they are weaker, poorer, and less provided with leading men or institutions in which they can trust, apparently drawing nearer and nearer to their fate and yet clinging with strange tenacity to the life which they have got. In them misgovernment is not only not cured but is constantly on the increase. The society, the official society, the administration, is a mass of corruption, so that there is no firm ground on which any hope of reform or restoration could be based, and in their various degrees they are presenting a terrible picture to the more enlightened portion of the world—a picture which, unfortunately, the increase in the means of our information and communication draws with darker and more conspicuous lineaments in the face of all nations, appealing to their feelings as well as to their interests, calling upon them to bring forward a remedy. How long this state of things is likely to go on, of course, I do not attempt to prophesy. All I can indicate is that that process is proceeding, that the weak states are becoming weaker and the strong states are becoming stronger. It needs no

specialty of prophecy to point out to you what the inevitable result of that combined process must be. For one reason or for another—from the necessities of politics or under the pretence of philanthropy—the living nations will gradually encroach on the territory of the dying, and the seeds and causes of conflict amongst civilized nations will speedily appear. Of course, it is not to be supposed that any one nation of the living nations will be allowed to have the profitable monopoly of curing or cutting up these unfortunate patients [laughter], and the controversy is as to who shall have the privilege of doing so, and in what measure he shall do it. These things may introduce causes of fatal difference between the great nations whose mighty armies stand opposite, threatening each other. These are the dangers, I think, which threaten us in the period that is coming on. It is a period which will tax our resolution, our tenacity and imperial instincts to the utmost. Undoubtedly we shall not allow England to be at a disadvantage in any re-arrangement that may take place. [Cheers.] On the other hand, we shall not be jealous if desolation and sterility are removed by the aggrandizement of a rival in regions to which our armies cannot extend. But be that how it may, it is only another ground for me to implore you not to imagine that because we have settled the affairs of Ireland, because our own internal politics seem calm, because we seem capable of dealing with any problem that may arise—not to imagine that the time has come when the spirit of the lesson preached by the Primrose League is less necessary to the health and security of this country. Do not abate your efforts because you think your task is done. Your task is ever living, and it never was more important than now, as is indicated by the threatening circumstances of the world outside to which I have alluded. It will then be for the advantage of England, and for the advantage of the world, that England should be animated by a spirit of courage, of resolution and of justice, and if she is ani-

mated she will owe it much to following the counsels and giving strength to the organization which has been presented to her by the Primrose League.

From The Academy.

THE COUNTRY OF "KIDNAPPED."

Stevenson was not an antiquary, and still less was he the painstaking, minute geographer. He did not, after the agreeable fashion of certain novelists (so we are informed by the press) visit the scenes of his romances with the set purpose of collecting information on the spot. Now and then he made use of a tract of country which he knew like a book, as in the first half of "Catriona" and parts of "St. Ives." But, speaking generally, he romanced with his landscapes. It would be hard to say where exactly lay Hermiston and the Cauldstaneslap; and the home of the Master of Ballantrae—Durrissdeer, as he calls it—can have no connection with the parish of that name at the head of Nithsdale, but has the whole southwest corner of Scotland for its possible neighborhood. His landscape is always subtly correct in atmosphere, for to one who knows the places, "St. Ives" smells strongly of the Lothians and the "Master" of Galloway; but it is the exactness of a countryside, and not of a village.

In his Highland chapters, where his knowledge was so much less extensive, one would expect to find more license in romance. And in a sense this is true. The body of horse soldiers who so nearly headed off David and Alan in crossing the moor of Rannoch are something of a freak; how cavalry would cross the moor at all with any speed must seem doubtful to one who knows the peaty wilderness. Then I have never been quite able to believe in David's ride, in "Catriona," from Alloa to Inverary in the short time granted him. Stevenson knew the Western Isles well from expeditions there with his father on lighthouse business, but in the preface to "Kid-

napped" he confesses to an inaccuracy. But in most other points, the correctness of the itinerary is marvellous. David Balfour's course through Mull, across the Sound into Morven, and then down Glen Tarbert to the Linnhe shore is a perfectly possible road. Thence he was set across the loch and landed on the point of land at the mouth of Loch Leven, which forms the northwestern corner of Appin. Here began his troubles, for above him on the hillside was the wood of Lettermore where Alan was lying, and beside him ran the road where the Red Fox was to be shot. Now it is just in the Appin chapter that the details are most correct; the landscape is irreproachable, and tradition is ready to confirm the author's apparently random guesses.

Appin is a triangle of hilly land, one side guarded by precipitous mountains and the others by the sea. The hills towards the south break down in green, woody slopes to the shore, but on the northern side, around Ballachulish and Lettermore, they rise in abrupt, rocky brows, many of them above three thousand feet, till they meet the wilder peaks of Glencoe. It was the stronghold of the Stewarts, an excellent folk in their way, but a folk with an untoward partiality for the losing side in any contest. Their chief, Stewart of Ardsheil, was at Culloden, and afterwards lay hid in a cave on this very hill of Lettermore till he could escape to France. Like all the great northern clans, they bitterly hated the prosperous and Whiggish Campbells, and it did not mend matters that their lands were granted as a reward to their enemies. It is the fact of this undying hatred which Stevenson has seized upon and worked into drama. A poor people, hopeless alike in its loyalty and its hates, striving to match gulle with gulle—this is the motive of the tale.

The story of the Appin murder Stevenson first read in the printed account of the trial, but he seems to have visited the country and explored it minutely. Otherwise it is hard to see how he got either his uncommon topo-

graphical accuracy or his character of Alan. Alan Breck; or Alan the Pock-marked, is a shadowy and uninteresting figure as he appears in the record of the trial, but in the tradition of the place he is a very real person with more than a hint of the Alan of the novel. An old man whom I questioned had often heard the story from his mother. Alan, he told me, was a "hero," using the word in the queer sense of the Scots Highlands to mean a good-hearted, swashbuckling fellow. "He was a little, wee man," he went on, "but very square; a great fighter, too, with the sword, and so brave that he would face a lion." But in one point tradition is at variance with fiction. The Alan of my informant's memory was an unscrupulous fellow, who did not stick at dark deeds, and who, to crown all, was a monstrous liar. Stevenson makes Alan swear by the Holy Iron that he never fired the shot; and David Balfour records his belief that it was a Cameron from Mamore across the loch who did it; but my informant was positive on the point. The shot was fired by Alan and no other; and I am sorry to say that he concluded with a Highland version of Meg Dods's "What for no?" Still, in the main, the Alan of tradition is the Alan of "Kidnapped;" and in many other points Stevenson is corroborated by local tales. He mentions, for example, that the Macrobs and Maccolls were the minor clans which shared Appin with the Stewarts. It is true enough, and any peculiarly black deed done in the place is still set down to the credit of those unfortunate gentlemen. After the utter defeat of the Campbells at Inverlochy by Montrose and the Camerons, a body of the Lorne men fled down the loch, stole a boat in Mamore and crossed to Appin. Wearied with travel they lay down to sleep on the shore, and the people of the place came down and annihilated them. But the Stewarts disclaimed any share; it was, of course, the Macrobs and Maccolls. Again, we are told that when David and Alan came to the house of James of the Glens, at

Duror, they found his people engaged in carrying the arms from the thatch and burying them in the moss. The incident was probably invented by the author as a likely occurrence at the "House of Fear," for it is a detail which tradition has left unrecorded. But the farmer at Duror, while engaged, a year ago, in ploughing and reclaiming part of the moss, found a large store of swords and pistols. Such a fact makes one agree with Aristotle: art has a deeper truth than even the variegated history of tradition.

The scene of the murder is a little to the west of Ballachullish Pier, some two hundred yards up on the hillside. The place is marked by a cairn, and is close to the old shore-road which wound through the wood of birches. Just above it there is a considerable cliff and a mass of undergrowth where the man who did the deed might very well lie hid. The face of the hill is of the roughest, and it is not hard to believe that two active men, well versed in hillcraft, could baffle a detachment of His Majesty's troops. A little to the east in the same wood there is another spot of a more painful interest for the superstitious folk in the neighborhood. James of the Glens was not hanged at Inverary, as has been supposed, but here, close to the scene of the crime of which he was innocent, and not six miles from his own house of Duror. There are plain marks of a gibbet on the ground, and the story goes that the grass has never grown in the tracks since that day. His body was left there in chains as a warning to malecontent Stewarts; and when it would have fallen to pieces, soldiers came from Fort William and fixed the bones together with wire. So there it hung for weeks—a ghastly spectacle—till one day a crazy beggar came past. He heard the noise of the thing swinging in the wind, and, moved by some daftness or other, caught at it, pulled it down, and flung it far into the loch. So this was the end of the Appin tragedy, save in so far as it lives in tradition and a great romance.

JOHN BUCHAN.